Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew H. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall. 7, '12

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P. Sir Knight Captain F. A. G. Stuart. J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

I. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE; President, Jos. Daniels; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

Local Matters.

Independence Day.

The big fleet of warships will not be in Newport harbor on the Fourth of July, but they will be back here during the summer if the Mexican situation is sufficiently cleared up to permit of their return to the north. This was the information returned by Congressmen O'Shaunessy and Gerry to requests for information from Mayor Boyle. It had been suggested that Newport's celebration of the Fourth of July take the form of a welcome back to the men of the fleet, and the board of aldermen wanted to know first whether or not the men would be here. The answers received seem to indicate very conclusively that the ships will not be here.

The board of aldermen is working as a committee of the whole for the celebration of Independence Day and it is probable that the programme adopted will be along lines somewhat similar to those of former years.

Town elections have been held this week in South Kingstown, Hopkinton, Richmond, Exeter, Lincoln, Westerly and Cumberland, and the Republicans carried every one of them, making large gains in most of the towns. South Kingstown and Cumberland have always been Democratic towns but this year the onward tide of progress swept the Democratic office-holders out and put Republicans in. In Cumberland the Police Commission was the issue. The Democrats aided by the party leaders from Providence fought the bill, and some weak Republicans aided them. But the people at large took a hand in the matter, and all those who opposed the Police Commission bill passed by the General Assembly a year ago were turned out and Police Commission supporters put in their places.

The celebration of Memorial Day last Saturday was successfully carried out along the lines laid down in the programme. The day was a splendid one, and there was a large crowd of people on the streets. The parade was a notable one, and attracted much attention, being particularly impressive to the strangers in the city who were not familiar with the splendid appearance of the regulars of the Army and Navy. The oration by Mr. William R. Harvey at the exercises in the First Presbyterian Church was particularly appropriate to the occasion, and was followed with the closest attention by all present.

Motor Combination No. 1 was ditched on Maple avenue last Sunday evening, while responding to a call from Coddington's Point. While attempting to pass a heavy truck in the country road, the big fire engine slid into a ditch and several hours were required to get it out. Chief Kirwin proceeded to the scene of the fire in his small auto but found no fire.

Dr. Frank H. Holt, superintendent of the Boston City Hospital, spent Memorial Day in Newport, his old home.

Board of Aldermen

At the regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening, considerable business was transacted, including the passage of a resolution directing the Newport Beach Association to remove the obstructions on the board walk.

Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of health	$1,891 55
City asylum	615 61
Fire department	1,167 68
Streets and highways	12,876 87
Police	2,674 91
Poor outdoor relief	100 65
Public parks	1,074 75
Public schools	1,066 11
Agassiz bequest	6 10
Various city offices	295 10
City hall	402 60
Lighting streets	8,152 85
Advertising	82 52
Newport sick	18 40
Ambulance	68 86
Water supply	7,075 00
Cemeteries	65 10
Coggeshall school addition	.37
Indexing and preserving records	43 20
Dog fund	844 20
Touro Synagogue fund	82 05
Touro Ministerial and cemetery	10 00
Total	$28,895 87

A petition from Rev. M. F. Reddy and others asking to have the Carroll avenue playground put into condition for use was referred to the commission on playgrounds, and it was explained that the commission intended to put the ground into use as quickly as possible. Various monthly reports were received, and a number of minor licenses were granted.

Alderman Kirby brought up the matter of obstruction to the board walk at the Beach. The whole board had made an inspection of the Beach last Sunday afternoon and the members were in a position to understand the situation. It seemed to be the opinion of the board that the gates about the dance hall would be an obstruction to the free use of the board walk, even though it was explained that the management had erected them to protect the public against the smoke and bad language that floated in through the windows of the dance hall. The board directed the city clerk to notify the Association to remove the gates.

Alderman Kirby also objected to a Japanese tea room on one of the upper piazzas, but his motion in this regard did not receive a second, so the matter was dropped. The other members of the board seemed to think the tea room was a benefit.

At the weekly session of the board on Thursday evening, a hearing was given to the Newport Beach Association in regard to the order to remove the gates about the dance hall. A number of the board of directors attended, and spoke in favor of allowing them to protect people at the Beach by the use of the gates.

General Manager McGowan was the first speaker, and told of the reasons for erecting the gates. Tobacco smoke came in through the windows of the dance hall, and a number of complaints had been made. The Association was under contract to protect the people at the Beach, and he believed that the erection of these gates was a step in that direction. He told of the large amounts paid last year for rent, wages, insurance, and supplies, all of which was a benefit to the people of Newport.

Other speakers included Ernst Voigt, J. Henry Cremin, F. F. Nolan, William Williams, A. B. Cascambas, and Joseph S. Milne. Mr. Nolan was very doubtful of the power of the board of aldermen to prevent the Association from building over the point in question, and he desired to go into the matter with the city solicitor. The latter repeated his assertion that it was a question of fact and not of law, and that the board could take such action in the matter as it saw fit. Alderman Kirby held out for his original motion, and the matter was allowed to go over to the next meeting, the gates in the meantime to remain open.

Aside from this the business was largely of a routine nature. Weekly bills and payrolls were approved, and several licenses of a minor nature were granted.

New Arrangement of Trains.

The new arrangement of trains between Newport and Boston and Providence goes into effect tomorrow. There will be considerable change in the time of leaving Newport, for most of these trains. A new summer train goes on leaving here at 5.45 a. m. The other trains will leave as follows: 6.55, 8.13, 9.10, 11 a. m. 1.10, 3.03, 5.16, 7.10 and 9.23 p. m. Sundays the trains will leave here at 6.55, 7.58, 11 a. m. 3.03, 5.05 and 9.23 p. m. These are all Boston trains and they all make connection at Fall River for Providence the same as usual.

Mr. William Alderson, employed at the Old Colony repair shops, died quite suddenly Friday noon, although he had been in poor health for some time. A few months ago he was confined to his home for a time, but had recovered sufficiently to be able to do his work until very recently. He is survived by a widow.

Superior Court.

The June session of the Superior Court for Newport County opened in this city on Monday with Judge Doran presiding. It gives promise of being a long session, as assignments for trial have been made well up toward the end of the month.

Early Monday morning Judge Doran gave a hearing on the application of James W. G. Walker for custody of his children. Mr. Walker took the stand in his own behalf and told of his expenses and money that he had paid for the children. His sister, Miss Walker, told of the relations between the father and his children. For the other side, Mrs. Walker took the stand, and told of the devotion of her children to her, and of the care that she has given them. The oldest son was called and testified that he wished to remain with his mother, that he cared nothing about the other side of the family. After hearing other witnesses the court reserved decision.

The grand jurors were examined, and Mr. Almy of Little Compton was appointed foreman. There were several cases for them to consider, and later they reported the following indictments: James M. Carter, breaking and entering a ship in the night time and larceny; John Martin, assault; G. Alves Gomez, nuisance; Louis Andriesse, passing worthless check. One defendant, against whom no bill was found, was discharged.

While the grand jury was out, the court looked over the docket. Several of the cases against Mrs. Bruguiere were called and defaulted. A number of Mr. Levy's cases were continued, as he had been ill for some time and had been unable to prepare them. Other cases were marked for trial later.

The following divorce petitions were granted: Louise C. Maahs vs. Raymond A. Maahs, Oliver St. Paul Thompson vs. Julia Elizabeth Thompson, Gertrude A. Sanford vs. Charles F. Sanford, Lucy M. Wigington vs. Henry Wigington, Edith B. Chase vs. Raymond W. Chase, George Easton Sherman vs. Margaret Malone Sherman, Nellie F. LeValley vs. Carl E. LeValley, Florence Sherwood Almy vs. Horace T. Almy.

Leon A. J. Verriest, who has been in jail for failure to pay an allowance to his wife as ordered by the court, was brought before the court. The case was looked into, and after admonishing him severely the Judge allowed him to leave the jail. The divorce case of Beulah Harper Drury vs. Henry Wilson Drury was taken up, and after hearing considerable testimony was granted, the allowance for the present being fixed at $15 per month.

Wednesday morning, candidates for petit jury duty were examined and sworn. The assistant attorney general had a number of cases to be assigned for trial, and some other business. James M. Carter took a sentence of nine months in the Providence County Jail on the indictment against him. On the civil side of the calendar John P. Fritz was given a verdict for possession in his case against Robert Wolfenden.

Thursday was given over to a jury trial on the Attorney General's docket, State vs. William H. Seabury of Little Compton, the charge being that defendant had a black duck in his possession on April 19. Deputy Bird Commissioner Frank W. Hennessy testified to finding the bird in a trap, and later defendant came along and took the bird. For the defense Mr. Seabury took the stand and testified that he was engaged in trapping for otter. He believed that the duck must have been placed in the trap intentionally, for it could not have been caught in the manner claimed. His testimony was corroborated by several others from the neighborhood, and later Mr. Hennessy testified in rebuttal that he had not injured the duck or altered its condition except by wringing its neck to end its misery. The jury was out for only 20 minutes and returned a verdict of not guilty.

Friday morning, the case of State vs. G. Alvin Gomes was put on trial before a jury.

Mr. William S. Cooper, for many years a resident of Newport, died last week at his home in Dorswell, Va., where he had lived for some five years. He was born in Cooperstown, N. Y., but came to Newport to reside in 1875, and married a daughter of Rev. William Guild, D. D., of this city. He was engaged in a number of pursuits, devoting his time during the last of his residence in Newport to real estate and insurance.

Next Saturday, June 13, will be Prize Day at St George's School, and there will be many guests here for the occasion. There will be a special illustrated issue of the Dragon, the monthly magazine issued by the boys of the school, ready for delivery on that day, and the Lance, the annual publication, will also be ready for delivery.

Mr. George H. Carr is able to again attend to business after being housed by illness for some time.

Vera Cruz Memorial.

The United Congregational Church was packed to its utmost capacity last Sunday afternoon, when the special memorial service for the men of the navy and marine corps who fell at Vera Cruz was held. There were probably not less than 1800 persons within the church, and a great many were unable to obtain admission on account of the congestion. The men of the navy occupied the whole of the lower floor except for a few seats reserved for special guests, and one gallery was occupied by the men of the army, the public being admitted to one gallery only.

An organ prelude by Miss Marian G. Dowling was the first number on the programme of exercises, and this was followed by the invocation by Rev. Franklin G. McKeever, D. D. After a hymn by the choir, Rev. Nathaniel J. Sproul read the Scripture lesson, followed by an anthem. Rev. W. I. Ward offered prayer. The address was by Rev. William Safford Jones of the Channing Memorial Church and was a masterly effort. He paid a high tribute to the valor of the men in the service of the United States, and spoke feelingly of those who had freely given their lives for their country. The address was followed with the closest attention by all present, and many were deeply affected.

After a selection by the quartette, Captain Roger Welles, commandant of the Naval Training Station, read the roll of honor of those who gave their lives at Vera Cruz, speaking particularly of six men who had been at the Newport Station very recently. The band played "Nearer my God to Thee," and taps was sounded on the bugle, after which the congregation joined in singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., pronounced the benediction.

There was no formal parade, the various organizations proceeding by the most direct routes from the stations to the church. There was a large number of people of the streets to see them pass, and there was also a large gathering in the vicinity of the church during the service. The apprentices marched over from the Training Station, coming down Thames street to Pelham, and returned in the same way.

Historical Society.

At the annual meeting of the Newport Historical Society held last week the Hon. Daniel B. Fearing the president presided for the first time during the year, he having been absent from Newport during that time. The annual reports were read showing the Society to be in a good condition. New members were elected, and the following officers chosen for the coming year:

President—Hon. Daniel B. Fearing.
First Vice President—Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D.
Second Vice President—Mr. Frank K. Sturgis.
Third Vice President—Mr. Alfred Tuckerman.
Recording Secretary—Mr. John P. Sanborn.
Corresponding Secretary—Mr. Geo. H. Richardson.
Treasurer—Mr. Henry C. Stevens, Jr.
Librarian—Miss Edith May Tilley.
Curator of Coins and Medals—Dr. Edwin P. Robinson.
Board of Directors:
The officers and for three years—Mrs. Richard C. Derby, Mrs. Harold Brown, Dr. William S. Sherman, Mr. Job A. Peckham.
For two years—Mrs. Thomas A. Lawton, Mrs. French Vanderbilt, Mr. Hamilton B. Tompkins, Mr. George L. Rives.
For one year—Mrs. William R. Morgan, Mr. Jonas Bergner, Colonel C. L. F. Robinson, Rev. George V. Dickey.

Rev. Dr. Terry reported that about $3000 more is needed to make available Commodore Curtis offer, of $7,500 for new building.

Senator Beeckman has returned from Indiana where he went for the benefit of Mrs. Beeckman. He spent a few hours in town Wednesday. He reports that the trip was very beneficial both for Mrs. Beeckman and himself. He will be back here for the summer soon. His gubernatorial campaign is progressing favorably.

Mr. Laurence A. Goffe lost his automobile by fire last Tuesday. The engine back-fired and there was a lively blaze immediately. The accident happened on the West Main road in Middletown and there was nothing that could be done to stop the flames. The machine was completely destroyed.

Work has been begun toward the erection of a new house on the south east corner of the Taggart estate on Broadway. The fine trees have been chopped down, and the cellar is now being excavated.

The annual canvass for the Newport city directory has been begun by the men from the Sampson-Murdock Company.

The work of repairing the sea walls on Ocean avenue, damaged by last winter's severe storms, has been completed.

Recent Deaths.

Ex-Mayor Henry Bedlow.

Hon. Henry Bedlow, three years mayor of Newport, and for many years a prominent resident of Newport, died last week at Monte Carlo, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. He had spent much of his time abroad for the last few years, and in spite of his advanced years enjoyed travelling and being in the midst of things. He was a remarkable man, retaining his upright carriage and his unclouded mind until the last.

Mr. Bedlow was the descendant of a prominent New York family, one of his ancestors having given Bedlow's Island to the city. He was born in New York in 1821, and was educated under private tutors. He studied at both Yale and Harvard, and after graduating from the Harvard Law School was admitted to the New York bar. He afterward studied medicine both in this country and abroad. He was for a time in the diplomatic service, acquitting himself with credit, and was later an attache of the United States Dead Sea expedition.

Mr. Bedlow married in 1850 Miss Josephine DeWolf Homer of Boston, who became the owner of the famous "Malbone" property in this city. The family came to Newport every year for the summer, and after a time established their permanent residence here. Mr. Bedlow took a deep interest in municipal affairs, and was elected Mayor of the city in 1876, serving for three years. His administration was marked by a number of changes and improvements in municipal affairs.

Mr. Bedlow is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Harriet Hall Morris. Another daughter, Mrs. William H. Mayer, died a very few months ago.

William T. Dennis.

Mr. William T. Dennis, a member of the large company of Newporters that went to California "around the Horn" in the ship Audley Clarke in 1849, and who was possibly the last survivor of that famous expedition, died Thursday evening, after having been in failing health for some time. As long as his strength permitted he liked to walk around the city and enjoy the air, but of late he had not been able to get out much. Death was due to diseases incident to his advanced age of 88 years.

Mr. Dennis was a typical Newporter of the older generation. He was born in this city and learned the trade of a tailor here, but when the announcement came of the discovery of gold in California he became imbued with the excitement of the time, and was one of the active ones who organized the expedition to purchase the Audley Clarke and start on the long voyage around the Horn. He remained in the West for some time, spending a large part of the time at Yuba Dam in California. After a few years his eyesight began to fail, and he decided to return to his old home in Newport.

Upon arriving here, Mr. Dennis opened a grocery, which in memory of his California days, he named the Yuba Dam Market. He carried on the business with considerable success for a number of years, his reputation for originality and somewhat peculiar methods of doing business probably helping to draw some trade as well as sometimes driving away customers. Many stories of his business experiences are still current in Newport, serving to throw a strong light on his character. He retired from active business a long time ago.

Many years ago Mr. Dennis married a daughter of Gilbert Chase of Newport, and she died about six years ago. An only brother Mr. John Dennis, died many years ago, and a nephew Darius Dennis, now at the Butler Hospital in Providence, is the only near relative. Mr. Dennis was a half-nephew of the late William E. Dennis, who died some years ago.

This is the last month for registration in order to be qualified to vote in the fall elections, and both parties are making efforts to get their men registered. The deputy city clerk has made his rounds of the varios wards this week, in order to facilitate the work of registration, and a number of names have been added to the book. The rush will come in the last week, and that will swell the number very fast. It looks however as if the total registration might be unusually large this year.

Dr. C. Edward Farnum lost a valuable pony Tuesday night, the animal being fatally injured by one of the Fall River cars. The horse had been locked up in the stable as usual for the night but in some way made his escape and wandered along the road to the north. When one of the late Fall River cars came along bound for Newport, the horse wandered onto the rails and was so badly injured that it had to be killed. The family were greatly attached to the horse, and felt its loss keenly.

Representative Henry F. Baldwin of Providence was in town Wednesday.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Rev. Professor Edward Drown, D. D., of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, Mass., was the preacher on Sunday morning last at St. Columba's. Mr. Drown has been an annual visitor at the Chapel for a long period of years.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society held its closing meeting for the summer at the parlors of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Tuesday afternoon, the president, Mrs. Fred A. Smith, in charge. A summary of the year's study was given by various members, and the treasurer's report was read. Mrs. E. E. Wells was appointed to arrange for an entertainment late in the summer, and the president was chosen to have charge of the sale of the book, "The Lure of Korea," the proceeds of which are to aid in the establishment of a Bible Women's School at Seoul, Korea. The monthly meetings will be resumed in September.

On Tuesday, at the Church of the Holy Cross, services extending from 7.30 to 5 p. m. were held which comprised what is known as "The Quiet Day" which were conducted by the Episcopal monk, Father Harrison, of the Order of the Holy Cross West Park, N. Y. Rev. F. W. Goodman, acted as celebrant at the two observances of the Lord's Supper which were held at 7.30 and 9.30. The address at the second service, was given by Father Harrison. During the intermission between services the communicants either remained quietly in the church or walked about the grounds. Luncheon was served at 1 o'clock at the near by Guild House. A general silence was maintained throughout the day. A similar day was observed here last year at the same time, Tuesday in Witsun-week, the purposes of which are the deepening of the spiritual life.

The condition of Rev. F. W. Goodman who was operated upon Wednesday for appendicitis, at the Newport Hospital, is as favourable as can be expected.

Rev. A. B. Christy, superintendent of the Anti Saloon League of Rhode Island, will be the speaker on Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church at 2.45.

St. Columba's Guild was entertained on Friday afternoon of this week at the summer home of Mrs. Lyman C. Josephs.

The first of the Middletown teachers to return for the summer vacation is Miss Jessie S. Farnum of the Egg Harbor High School, New Jersey. There being no spring vacation there the schools closed just before Decoration Day. Miss Farnum's father, Mr. Wallace Farnum is spending the week with his son, Joseph Elbridge Farnum, at his own former home in Peru, Vermont.

The ward of Rev. F. W. Goodman, Mr. Howard Caldwell of New York, is spending his vacation at St. Mary's Rectory.

The subject for the lecturer's hour at the meeting next week of Aquidneck Grange will be—"What can be done to give Middletown its needed fire protection." The discussion will be in charge of George L. Sisson, the former lecturer, and will be followed by a question box.

A large number attended the strawberry supper given by Holy Cross Guild at the Guild House on Wednesday evening, this being the first of the season to be held in Middletown.

An informal dance was given at the town hall on Monday evening by the Misses Helen and Maud Weaver.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From Our Regular Correspondent)

The Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., gave a whist Saturday at the home of Miss Harriet F. Sanford. Mrs. Clarence Brown won the prize for bridge whist, an Irish crochet collar, and Mrs. Albert C. Hall for whist, a pack of cards. Refreshments were served.

Miss Gladys Downey has been entertaining Miss Julia Manning and Miss Christine Nelson, of Newport.

Miss Esther G. Bishop, assistant postmaster at Westport Point, Mass., has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson A. Bishop.

Mrs. Maria Gardner has been visiting Mrs. N. Horace Peckham. Mr. Peckham has returned from a visit to his sons in Sherburne, Mass.

Mrs. Andrew Chase sustained a shock on Friday evening.

Mr. John W. Franklin is ill.

Miss Mary Barclay, who has taken a school in Berkeley, R. I., spent the week end at Glen Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Miller and son have arrived at their cottage on Bristol Ferry road for the summer. Mrs. Benedict and Miss Mabel Benedict have also opened their house for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin L. Dennis, of Providence, have arrived at their cottage for the summer and are entertaining the former's sister.

Nurses Graduate.

The graduating exercises of the class of 1914 of the Training School for Nurses of the Newport Hospital were held in the Nurses Home on Broadway on Thursday evening, President William P. Buffum presiding. There were twelve nurses in the graduating class, coming from many parts of the world. Two live in Bermuda and others in the Provinces.

City Treasurer John M. Taylor starts next Tuesday for Milwaukee to attend the annual session of the National Association of Comptrollers and Accountants.

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS," "THE TEXICAN," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

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CHAPTER III.

On the untrammeled frontier, where most men are willing to pass for what they are without keeping up any "front," much of the private business, as well as the general devilment, is transacted in the back rooms of saloons. The Waldorf was nicely furnished in this regard.

After a drink at the bar, in which De Lancey and Hooker joined, Henry Kruger led the way casually to the rear, and in a few moments they were safely closeted.

"Now," began Kruger, as he took a seat by the table and faced them with snapping eyes, "the first thing I want to make plain to you gentlemen is, if I make any deal today it's to be with Mr. Hooker. If you boys are partners you can talk it over together, but I deal with one man, and that's Hooker.

"All right?" he inquired, glancing at De Lancey, and that young man nodded indulgently.

"Very well, then," resumed Kruger, "now to get down to business. This mine that I'm talking about is located down here in Sonora within three hours' ride of a big American camp. It isn't any old Spanish mine, or lost padre layout; it's a well-defined ledge running three or four hundred dollars to the ton—and I know right where it is, too.

"What I want to do is to establish the title to it now, while this revolution is going on, and make a bonanza out of it afterward. Of course, if you boys don't want to go back into Mexico, that settles it; but if you do go, and I let you in on the deal, you've got to see it through or I'll lose the whole thing. So make up your minds, and if you say you'll go, I want you to stick to it!"

"We'll go, all right," spoke up De Lancey, "if it's rich enough."

"How about you?" inquired Kruger, turning impatiently on Bud; "will you go?"

"Yes, I'll go," answered Bud sullenly. "But I ain't stuck on the job," he added. "Just about get it opened up when a bunch of rebels will jump in and take everything we've got."

"Well, you get a title to it and pay your taxes and you can come out, then," conceded Henry Kruger.

"No," grumbled Hooker, "if I go I'll stay with it." He glanced at his partner at this, but he, for one, did not seem to be worried.

"I'll try anything—once!" he observed with a uprightly air, and Bud grinned sardonically at the well-worn phrase.

"Well," said Kruger, gazing inquisitingly from one to the other, "is it a go? Will you shake hands on it?"

"What's the proposition?" broke in De Lancey eagerly.

"The deal is between me and Hooker," corrected Kruger. "I'll give him three hundred a month, or an equal share in the mine, expenses to be shared between us."

"Make it equal shares," said Hooker, holding out his hand, "and I'll give half of mine to Phil."

"All right, my boy!" cried the old man, suddenly clapping him on the shoulder, "I'll go you—and you'll never regret it," he added significantly. Then, throwing off the air of guarded secrecy which had characterized his actions so far, he sat down and began to talk.

"Boys," he said, "I'm feeling lucky today or I'd never have closed this deal. I'm letting you in on one of the biggest things that's ever been found in Sonora. Just to show you how good it is, here's my smelter receipts for eight hundred pounds of picked ore—one thousand and twenty-two dollars! That's the first and last ore that's ever been shipped from the old Eagle Tail. I dug it out myself, and sacked it and shipped it; and then some of them crooked Mexican officials tried to beat me out of my title and I blowed up the whole works with dynamite!

"Yes, sir, clean as a whistle! I had my powder stored away in the drift, and the minute I found out I was euchred I laid a fuse to it and brought the whole mountain down. That was ten years ago, and old Aragon and the agents mineral have had the land located ever since.

"I bet they've spent five thousand pesos trying to find that lead, but being nothing but a bunch of ignorant Mexicans, of course they never found nothing. Then Francisco Madero comes in and fires the agents mineral off his job and old Aragon lets the land revert for taxes. I've got a Mexican that keeps me posted, and ever since he sent me word that the title had lapsed I've been crazy to relocate that claim.

"Well, now, that don't look so bad, does it?" he asked, beaming paternally at Bud. "There ain't a man in town that wouldn't have jumped at the chance, if I was where I could talk about it, but that's just what I couldn't do. I had to find some stranger that wouldn't sense what mine I was talking about and then get him to go in on it blind.

"Now here's the way I'm fixed, boys," he exclaimed, brushing his unkempt beard and smiling crafitily. "When I dynamited the Eagle Tail it was mine by rights, but Cipriano Aragon—he's the big Mexican down at old Fortuna—and Morales, the mineral agent, had conceived me out of the title.

"So, according to law, I blowed up their mine, and if I ever showed up down there I reckon they'd throw me into jail. And if at any time they find out that you're working for me, why, we're ditched—that's all! They'll put you out of business. So, after we've made our agreement and I've told you what to do, I don't want to hear a word out of you—I don't want you to come near me, nor even write me a letter—just go ahead the best you can until you win out or go broke.

"It ain't a hard proposition," he continued, "if you keep your mouth shut, but if they tumble, it'll be a fight to a finish. I'm not saying this for you, Hooker, because I know you're safe; I'm saying it for your partner here. You talk too much, Mr. De Lancey," he chided, eying him with sudden severity. "I'm afraid of you!"

"All right,' broke in Hooker good-naturedly, "I reckon we understand. Now go ahead and tell us where this mine is and who there is down there to look out for."

"The man to look out for," answered Kruger with venom, "is Cipriano Aragon. He's the man that bilked me out of the mine once, and he'll do it again if he can. When I went down there—it was ten years and more ago—I wasn't on to those Spanish ways of his, and he was so dog-goned polite and friendly I thought I could trust him anywhere.

"He owns a big ranch and mescal still, runs cattle, works a few placers, sends out pack-trains, and has every Mexican and Indian in the country in debt to him through his store, so if he happens to want any rough work done there's always somebody to do it.

"Well, just to show you how he did me, I got to nosing round those old Spanish workings east of Fortuna and finally I run across the ledge that I'm telling you about, not far from an abandoned shaft. But the Mexican mining laws are different from ours, and an American has lots of trouble anyway, so I made a trade with old Aragon that he should locate the claim for me under a power of attorney. Didn't know him then like I do now. The papers had to be sent to Moctezuma and Hermosillo, and to the City of Mexico and back, and while I was waiting around I dug in on this lead and opened up the prettiest vein of quartz you ever saw in your life. Here's a sample of it, and it's sure rich."

He handed De Lancey the familiar piece of quartz and proceeded with his story.

"That ore looked so good to me that I couldn't wait—I shipped it before I got my title. And right there I made my mistake. When Aragon saw the gold in that rock he just quietly recorded the concession in his own name and told me to go to blazes. That's the gratitude of it! So I blew the whole mine up and hit for the border. That's the Dutch of it, I reckon," he added grimly. "Anyway, my old man was Dutch."

He paused, smiling over the memory of his misplaced credulity, and Hooker and De Lancey joined in a hearty laugh. From the town bum that he had first seemed this shabby little man had changed in their eyes until now he was a border Croesus, the mere recital of whose adventures conjured up in their minds visions of gold and hidden treasure.

The rugged face of Bud Hooker, which had been set in grim lines from the first, relaxed as the tale proceeded and his honest eyes glowed with admiration as he heard the well-planned scheme. As for De Lancey, he could hardly restrain his enthusiasm, and, drawn on by the contagion, Henry Kruger made maps and answered questions until every detail was settled.

After the location had been marked, and the lost tunnel charted from the corner monuments, he bade them remember it well and destroyed every vestige of paper. Then, as a final admonition, he said:

"Now go in there quietly, boys—don't hurry. Prospect around a little and the Mexicans will all come to you and try to sell you lost mines. Cruz Mendez is the man you're looking for—he's honest, and he'll take you to the Eagle Tail. After that you can use your own judgment. So good-by"—he took them by the hands—"and don't talk!"

He held up a warning finger as they parted, and Bud nodded briefly in reply. Silence was a habit with him, desert-bred, and he nodded his head for two.

CHAPTER IV.

From the times of David and Jonathan down to the present day the world has been full of young men sworn to friendship and seeking adventure in pairs. "Partners," they call them in the west, and though the word has not crept into the dictionary yet, it is as different from "partner" as a friend is from a business associate.

They travel together, these partners of the West, and whether they be cow boys or "Cousin Jacks," the boss who fires one of them fires both of them, and they go share and share in everything.

Bud Hooker and Philip De Lancey had met by chance in El Paso when the revolution was just beginning to boil and the city was swarming with adventurers. The agents of the rebels were everywhere, urging Americans to join their cause. Military preferment, cash payments, and grants of land were the baits they used, but Hooker stood out from the first and took De Lancey with him. A Mexican promise did not pass current where he was born and they went to the mines instead.

Then the war broke out and, while fugitives streamed out of stricken Chihuahua, they finally struck out against the tide, fighting their way to a certain mine far back in the Sierra Madres, where they could dig the gold on shares.

Behind them the battle waged; Casas Grandes was taken and retaken; Juarez, Agua Negra and Chihuahua fell; Don Porfirio, the Old Man of Mexico, went out and Madero took his place; and still they worked for their stake.

Then new arms and ammunition flowed in from across the border; Orozco and his rebel chiefs went out, and the breath of war fanned higher against the hills. At last the first broken band of rebels came straggling by, and, reading hate and envy in their lawless eyes, the Americans dug up their gold at sundown and rode all the night for their lives.

And now, welded together by all that toil and danger, they were partners, cherishing no delusions as to each other's strength or weaknesses, but joined together for better or worse.

It was the last thing that either of them expected, but three days after they fled out of Mexico, and with all their money unspent, the hand of fate seized upon them and sent them back to another adventure.

It was early morning again, with crowds along the street, and as they

Made Maps and Answered Questions Until Every Detail Was Settled.

ambled slowly along toward the line the men on the corners stared at them. The bunch of cowboys gazed at Bud, who sported a new pair of high-heeled boots, and knew him by the way he rode; and the mining men looked searchingly at De Lancey, as if to guess the secret of his quest.

A squad of mounted troopers, riding out on border patrol, gazed after them questioningly, but Bud and Phil rode on soberly, leading their pack, and headed for Agua Negra across the line.

It was a grim place to look at, this border town of Agua Negra, for the war had swept it twice. A broad waste of level land lay between it and the prosperous American city, and across this swath, where the Mausers and machine guns had twice mowed, lay the huddle of low houses which marked the domain of Mexico.

Fussy little customs officials, lurking like spiders in their cooped-up guardhouses, rushed out as they crossed the deep trench and demanded their permit to bear arms. The moment they crossed the line the air seemed to be pervaded with Latin excitability and Indian jealousy, but De Lancey replied in florid Spanish and before his polite assurances and fulsome compliments it was dissipated in a moment.

"Good! Pass on, amigos," cried the beady-eyed little jefe, pasting a label on their pack. "Adios, senor," he added, returning Phil's salute with a military flourish, and with a scornful glance at Bud he observed that the gentleman was muy caballero.

"Huh!" remarked Bud, as they rode on through the town, "we're in Mexico all right, all right. Talk with both hands and get busy with your eyebrows—and holy Joe, look at them pelones!"

The pelones referred to were a squad of Mexican federal soldiers, so-called from their heads being shaved, and they were marching doggedly to and fro through the thorny mesquit bushes in response to shouted orders from an officer. Being from Zacatecas, where the breed is short, they stood about as high as their guns; and their crumpled linen suits and flapping sandals detracted sadly from the soldierly effect.

Big and bulking, and swelling with the pride of his kind, Hooker looked them over slowly, and spoke his hidden thought.

"I wonder," he said, turning to Phil, "how many of them I could lick with one hand?"

"Well, they're nothing but a lot of petty convicts, anyway," answered De Lancey, "but here's some boys ahead that I'll bet could hold you, man for man, husky as you are, old fellow."

They were riding past a store, now serving as an improvised barracks, and romping about in the streets were a pair of tall Yaqui Indians, each decorated with a cartridge-belt about his hips in token of his military service. Laughing and grabbing for holds, they frolicked like a couple of boys until finally they closed in a grapple that revealed a sudden and pantherlike strength.

And a group of others, sunning themselves against the wall, looked up at the Americans with eyes as fearless as mountain eagles.

"Yes, that's right," admitted Bud, returning their friendly greeting, "but we'll never have no trouble with them."

"Well, these Nacionales are not so bad," defended Phil, as they passed the state soldiers of Sonora on the street, "but they're just as friendly as the Yaquis."

"Sure," jeered Bud, "when they're sober! But you get a bunch of 'em drunk and ask 'em what they think of the gringos! No, you got to show me—I've seen too much of 'em."

"You haven't seen as much of 'em as I have, yet," retorted De Lancey quickly. "I've been all over the republic, except right here in Sonora, and I swear these Sonoranas here look good to me. There's no use holding a grouch against them, Bud — they haven't done us any dirt."

"No, they never had no chance," grumbled Bud, gazing grimly to the south. "But wait till the hot weather comes and the revollosos come out of their holes; wait till them Chihuahua greasers thaw out up in the Sierras and come down to get some fresh mounts. Well, I'll tell 'em one thing," he ended, reaching down to pat his horse, "they'll never get old Copper Bottom here—not unless they steal him at night. It's all right to be cheerful about this, Phil, and you keep right on being glad, but I got a low-down hunch that we're going to get in bad."

"Well, I've got just as good a hunch," came back De Lancey, "that we're going to make a killing."

"Yes, and speaking about killings," said Bud, "you don't want to overlook that."

He pointed at a group of dismantled adobe buildings standing out on the edge of the town and flanked by a segment of whitewashed wall all spattered and breached with bullet-holes.

"There's where these prize Mexicans of yourn pulled off the biggest killing in Sonora. I was over here yesterday with that old prospector and he told me that that wall is the bull-ring. After the first big fight they gathered up three hundred and fifty men, more or less, and threwed 'em in a trench along by the wall—then they blowed it over on 'em with a few sticks of dynamite and let 'em pass for buried. No crosses or nothing. Excuse me, if they ever break loose like that—we might get planted with the rest!"

"By Jove, old top," exclaimed De Lancey, laughing teasingly, "you've certainly got the blues today. Here, take something out of this bottle and see if it won't help."

He brought out a quart bottle from his saddle-bags and Bud drank, and shuddered at the bite of it.

"All right," he said, as he passed it back, "and while we're talking, what's the matter with cutting it out on booze for this trip?"

"What are you going to drink, then?" cried De Lancey in feigned alarm, "water?"

"Well, something like that," admitted Bud. "Come on—what do you say? We might get lit up and tell something."

"Now looked here, Bud," clamored Phil, who had had a few drinks already, "you don't mean to insinuate, do you? Next thing I know you'll be asking me to cut it out on the hay—might talk in my sleep, you know, and give the whole snap away!"

"No, you're a good boy when you're asleep, Phil," responded Bud, "but when you get about half shot it's different. Come on, now—I'll quit if you will. That's fair, ain't it?"

"What? No little toots around town? No serenading the senoritas and giving the rurales the hotfoot? Well, what's the use of living, Bud, if you can't have a little fun? Drinking don't make any difference, as long as we stick together. What's the use of swearing off—going on record in advance? We may find some fellow that we can't work any other way—we may have to go on a drunk with him in order to get his goat! But will you stick? That's the point!"

Bud glanced at him and grunted, and for a long time he rode on in silence. Before them lay a rolling plain, dipping by broad gulches and dwindling ridges to the lower levels of Old Mexico, and on the skyline, thin and blue, stood the knifelike edges of the Fortunas miles away.

With desert-trained eyes he noted the landmarks, San Juan mountain to the right, Old Niggerhead to the left, and the feather-edge of mountains far below; and as he looked he stored it away in his mind in case he should come back on the run some night.

It was not a foreboding, but the training of his kind, to note the lay of the ground, and he planned just where he would ride to keep under cover if he ever made a dash for the line. But all the time his partner was talking of friendship and of the necessity of their sticking together.

"I'll tell you, Bud," he said at last, his voice trembling with sentiment, "whether we win or lose, I won't have a single regret as long as I know we've been true to one another. You may know Texas and Arizona, Bud, but I know Old Mexico, the land of manana and broken promises. I know the country, Bud—and the climate—and the women!

"They play the devil with the best of us, Bud, these dark-eyed senoritas! That's what makes all the trouble down here between man and man, it's these women and their ways. They're not satisfied to win a man's heart—they want him to kill somebody to show that he really loves them. By Jove, they're a fickle lot, and nothing pleases 'em more than setting man against man, one partner against another."

"We never had any trouble yet," observed Bud sententiously.

"No, but we're likely to," protested De Lancey. "These Indian women up in the Sierras wouldn't turn anybody's head, but we're going down into the hot country now, where the girls are pretty, ta-ra, ta-ra, and we talk through the windows at midnight."

"Well, if you'll cut out the booze," said Hooker shortly, "you can have 'em all, for all of me."

"Sure, that's what you say, but wait till you see them! Oh, la, la, la"—he kissed his fingers ecstatically—"I'll be glad to see 'em myself! But listen, Bud, here's the proposition, let's take an oath right now, while we're starting out, that whatever comes up we'll always be true to each other. If one of us is wounded, the other stays with him; if he's in prison, he gets him out; if he's killed, he avenges his—"

"Say," broke in Bud, jostling him rudely as he reached into the saddle-bags, "let me carry that bottle for a while."

He took a big drink out of it to prevent De Lancey from getting it all and shoved it inside his overalls.

"All right, pardner," he continued, with a mocking smile, "anything you say. I never use oaths myself much, but anything to oblige."

"No, but I mean it, Bud!" cried De Lancey. "Here's the proposition now. Whatever happens, we stay with each other till this deal is finished; on all scratch cases we match money to see who's it; and if we tangle over some girl the best man wins and the other one stays away. We leave it to the girl which one wins. Will you shake hands on that?"

"Don't need to," responded Bud; "I'll do it anyway."

"Well, shake on it, then!" insisted De Lancey, holding out his hand.

"Oh, Sally!" burst out Bud, hanging his head in embarrassment, "what's the use of getting mushy?"

But a moment later he leaned over in his saddle and locked hands with a vicelike grip.

"My old man told me not to make no such promises," he muttered, "but I'll do it, being's it's you."

(To Be Continued.)

THRIFT AND THE MAN.

Self Help and Self Respect Allied to Good Citizenship.

Thrift is an essential and imperative part of good citizenship.

The man who sets aside a few pence or shillings every week or every month is not only making future provision for himself, his children or others who may be dependent on him; but, consciously or unconsciously, he is at the same time serving his country by helping to create a type of character which is one of the most valuable of national assets.

He is setting an example of self command every time he fights down the temptation to spend on some passing pleasure the money which should be reserved for a more useful purpose. And self command means much in good citizenship.

He is setting an example of self help. He does not wait for "something to turn up," but sets to work resolutely to improve his position in life by his own exertions.

He is setting an example of self respect. The saving of money honestly earned fosters that spirit of sturdy independence and confidence in one's own powers which have played no small part in building up the prosperity of this country.

In addition to the ethical value which I have endeavored to indicate, the practice of thrift by individuals has a material value to the nation. The security of the intricate fabric of national credit depends to a very large extent upon the reserve of capital accumulated by those who invest in savings banks and similar institutions.—Sir T. Vansittart Bowater in London Answers.

One Thoughtful Editor.

The proprietor of the local paper at Eberswalde, a small Prussian town not far from Berlin, does his best to make his paper useful as well as instructive. Two days a week he has the General Anzeiger printed on only one side of the paper so that it can be used for wrapping up provisions without any danger of contamination from printers' ink. On these days the paper is twice as large as on ordinary days, so that the public loses nothing in the way of reading matter.

Struck Him All Right.

Judge—You say you saw that prisoner strike the complainant. On what provocation? Witness—Why, he pulled out a roll of bills, your honor. Judge—And you mean to say the prisoner struck him for that? Witness—Well, he struck him for some of it.—Boston Transcript.

Proved His Kindness.

"I wonder why Amy refuses to marry Mr. Dooling."

"She's afraid he won't be kind to her."

"Won't be kind to her? Goodness gracious! Hasn't she seen the beautiful monument he put up for his first wife?"—Judge.

The Surest Road.

"It takes a long strong climb to reach success."

"Yes, and the only way to reach it is by keeping on the level."—Houston Post.

An Idealist.

Tommy—Pop, what is an Idealist? Tommy's Pop—An idealist, my son, is a very young man who thinks all women are angels.—Philadelphia Record.

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Time Table in Effect October 5, 1913.
Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.13, 7.10, 9.23 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.15, 11.02 a. m., 3.05, 4.05, 9.23 p. m.
Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.13, 9.23 p. m.
Tiverton—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.13, 7.10, 9.23 p. m.
Middleboro—6.50, 9.15, 11.00 a. m., 3.05, p. m.
Plymouth—11.00 a. m. 3.05, p. m.
Provincetown—3.05 p. m.
Plymouth—11.00 a. m. 3.05 p. m.
New Bedford—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m. 1.10, 3.05, 5.13, 7.10, 9.23 p. m.
Providence (via Fall River)—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.13, 7.13, 9.23, p. m.

Bay State Street Railway Co.

TIME TABLE

In effect September 9, 1913.

Subject to change without notice.

C. L. BISBEE, Superintendent, Vernon Avenue, Newport.

Telephone, Newport 168.

CARS LEAVE NEWPORT CITY HALL for Fall River, City Hall (1 hr. 30 min.), via Middletown (20 min.), Portsmouth (40 min.) Island Park (50 min.), Stone Bridge (55 min.), Tiverton (60 min.), *6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30, a. m., 12.10, 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 11.15 p. m. Return, lv. Fall River City Hall, *5.10, *5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50 a. m., 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.20 p. m. Return, lv. Stone Bridge, *5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.05, 11.45 a. m., 12.25, 1.05, 1.45, 2.25, 3.05, 3.45, 4.25, 5.05, 5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.00, 11.55 p. m.

CARS LEAVE FRANKLIN STREET FOR Beach (12 min.), *6.40, *6.55, *7.10, 7.25, every 15 min. to 10.40 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.)

Mile Corner (10 min.), *6.55, *6.50, 7.05, every 15 min. to 11.35 p. m.

Morton Park (12 min.), *6.10, *6.25, 6.40, every 15 min. to 11.10. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52 every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

CARS LEAVE MILE CORNER FOR Beach (12 min.) *6.30, *6.45, *7.00, 7.15, every 15 min. to 10.30 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52. (Change at Franklin Street.)

Morton Park (22 min.), *6.00, *6.15, 6.30, every 15 min. to 11.00 p. m. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

Note—*Does not run on Sunday.

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Too Realistic.

De Cubist—That snowstorm picture I painted last spring was wonderfully realistic. De Dauber—It must have been. A fellow got into my studio one day in my absence, looked at the picture and unconsciously put on my fur overcoat before he went out.—Boston Record.

Iron and Steel Test.

The simplest way to tell iron from steel is to pour on the metal a drop of nitric acid and allow it to act for one minute. On rinsing with water a grayish white stain will be seen if the metal is iron, a black one if it is steel.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

When It Falls Out, if It Ever Does, Goodby Old World.

When the bottom of the sea gives way from some future volcanic disturbance the whole earth will be consumed in flames, just as other worlds every day are being consumed, according to Louis Habourdin, the French scientist. Recent volcanic disturbances lead this scientist to believe that such a time is not far distant. The earth's crust is very thin at the bottom of the sea, he says, and he adds that the floor on which we stand is more frail than we are led to believe.

M. Habourdin imagines a disaster so great as to involve the whole earth. If such an event should occur he thinks that from a distant world its appearance and progress would exactly parallel what we ourselves see in the case of the "novas," or distant stars, that blaze out in the heavens from time to time.

M. Habourdin says: "Suppose that following upon an extraordinary twisting movement, due to retreat of the central mass, a large mass of the sea bottom should give way and, falling suddenly, should let in the mass of the ocean's waters upon the incandescent interior matter? The water would be decomposed by the heat, the hydrogen would burn, and it would burn more as it had access to more oxygen. The conflagration would thus gain gradually in force, accompanied by electric phenomena, and the greater part of the earth's crust would probably be displaced. The earth, passing through a critical epoch and returning for the time being to its formative period, would again be nothing but a globe of fire.

"For the faroff worlds that swing in sidereal space this would be the phenomenon of a new star that blazes out all at once, increases in brilliancy as if it would eclipse the luminous splendor of all its neighbors and then becomes feebler and feebler, to disappear finally forever in the profound darkness of the limitless distance."

When such a catastrophe takes place, if it ever does, that will be the "end of the world," so far as we at least are concerned.—New York World.

Adjectives From Names.

If you want your fame absolutely and entirely absorbed you should have an adjective rather than a noun derived from your name. Mention of a stentorian shout never nowadays recalls the famous Stentor, whose voice made him notorious at the siege of Troy. Nor do we remember when we use maudlin (with a touch of scorn) that this word is what art has done for Mary Magdalene. She was so often represented by painters with eyes swollen and red with weeping that her name passed into the language to mean tearful.—London Chronicle.

Thackeray's Salute.

Of that form of eccentricity closely related to egotism, whereby many of the world's greatest artists and writers have conveyed to us their appreciation of their own work, a most interesting case is that of Thackeray, ordinarily a most modest man. But there is good authority that Thackeray never passed the house in Russell square wherein he lived when he wrote "Vanity Fair" without raising his hat—a tribute from himself to his great work.

NURSED A HOT TEMPER.

Something Had to Give Way When William Morris Broke Loose.

Though explosive tempers may not be admirable and temperamental explosions are not always harmlessly expended, they are always preferable to soreness, sullenness, brooding resentment or cold anger. Arthur Compton-Rickett in his study of William Morris—that "jolly vivid man," as he terms him—relates several new instances of Morris' violent thunderclaps of temper and swiftly ensuing sunniness and sweetness.

Once while he was painting he was called from the room, and presently his startled model heard him furiously anathematizing some one outside whom he dismissed or ejected and then returned a moment later still boiling with wrath. He could not resume his work, but made wild dashes about the room, growling and muttering, until at last in a culminating access of rage he took a flying kick at the door and with a vast crashing and splintering smashed in a panel. It was too much for his model's nerves, and he started to flee, but at that moment Morris, with his ire entirely gone now that the explosion was over, turned with a beaming smile, and assured him genially:

"It's all right, it's all right, but something had to give way!"

FLAVOR OF FOOD.

It Is an Important Factor In Digestion and Good Health.

If it were not for flavor we should not digest our food properly. Epicureanism in eating is the handmaid of good health. Flavor has been called the soul of food. The viands that are most agreeable to our sense of taste, those we enjoy most, are those we are most likely to digest well and from which we are most likely to derive the maximum of nourishment.

A book was devoted to this subject by Henry T. Finck of New York. He called it "Food and Flavor." In a review of it the Scientific American says: "The psychic factor of desire must precede ingestion or results will be unpropitious. To each cent spent for nutriment we add five more for flavor. Flavor, in short, has an appetizing value, a health value, a commercial value.

"The evolution of a discriminating appetite and the education of the cook must go hand in hand. But your glutton is never an epicure. Rational mastication must accompany the highest enjoyment of food, and in this enjoyment lie perfect assimilation and health. It is flavor that stimulates the flow of the digestive juices; it is the digestive juices that prepare the food for the extraction of nutriment."

A Real Snap.

"What, mother, is meant by having a snap?"

"It is something, child, that no one really has but children. Their mothers take care of them, and their fathers pay the bills. They never have a snap again."—Baltimore American.

A Question.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

"Then can the fellow with the fountain pen be said to be carrying concealed weapons?"—Town Topics.

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NEW YORK

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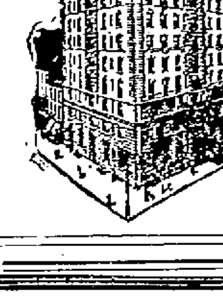

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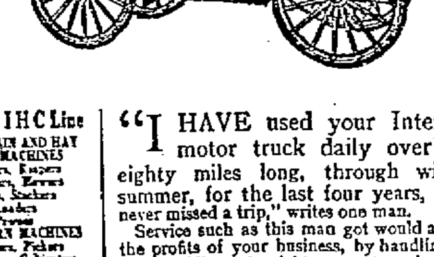

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Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

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To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN,
18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf,
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Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels	$4.50
18 bushels,	$2.25

Common, delivered,

36 bushels,	$3.50
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Price at works,

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushel
Common, 9c. a bushel, $8 for 100 bushel.

Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works, will be filled promptly.

"Auntie, did you ever get a proposal?"

"Once, dear. A gentleman asked me to marry him over the telephone. But he had the wrong number."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Saturday, June 6, 1914.

The stock of the New Haven road has sold this week around 63. This is the lowest point yet reached and in its discent from 275 has shrunk many millions of dollars.

Dist.-Atty. Charles S. Whitman of New York has announced his candidacy for the republican nomination for governor of New York. He will make a strong candidate, and if Roosevelt does not again split the party he will be elected.

New England has no member in the President's Cabinet, no representative on the Commerce Commission, no member of the federal reserve board, in fact it is somewhat to be doubted if the President is fully aware that there is any New England. It was not always thus.

Even Democratic papers are admitting that business is bad and men are idle. The New York Times has made the statement that "in the middle states there are a million idle men with an average loss of 250,000 a day in wages." As an instance of this, in Chicago, it has been proposed to appropriate a million dollars to relieve idle wage earners.

It is time that there was a strong "get together Committee" at work in the two sections of the Republican party. If the party will only present a united front to the Common Enemy, victory this fall is absolutely sure. The people are growing more tired every day with the lamentable lack of knowledge of the Country's needs exhibited by Wilson, Bryan & Co.

"Pepperell Mills in Biddeford, Me., and York Mills in Saco, Me., will shut down all next week, to curtail production." This is getting to be so common an occurence that it can hardly be called news. Yet President Wilson says the times are good. The depression which is country wide is nearly "psycological." Wonder if "psycological" starvation is any the less painful than the regular kind.

The Ford Motor Co. has declared an extra cash dividend of 100 per cent. It is understood that the company declares regular quarterly dividends of 15 per cent. Capital stock is $2,000,000. On each anniversary day of the organization of the company an extra cash dividend is declared. One year ago the extra dividend melon amounted to $10,000,000. Henry Ford, owning 58½ per cent. of stock, was enriched by $5,805,000. This time, he received $1,170,000. Somebody is paying for all this profit.

As usual Col. Roosevelt seems to be helping Woodrow Wilson, although he professes to be against him. Roosevelt elected Wilson President by splitting the Republican party. Now his utterances in Washington just before he departed for Spain will have the immediate effort of uniting the Democrats in Congress to put through Wilson's trust busting schemes. The business interests of the country have been urging a postponement of at least a part of this legislation, but Roosevelt's attack, it is contended, will drive the Democrats as a matter of self-defence into carrying out the full programme before adjournment. Thus the Roosevelt broadside is likely to add to, instead of diminish the troubles of the business world.

Reports indicate that potatoes are another food product which foreign countries will grow for Americans under the Democratic tariff law. We have been growing almost all the potatoes we have needed. For instance, the last two months of 1912, under a Republican tariff, only 41,000 bushels of potatoes were imported into the United States. In the last two months of last year, under a Democratic tariff, nearly 3,000,000 bushels of potatoes were brought into this country. This means that more than a million dollars which had been going into the pockets of American potato raisers were sent to foreign potato growers. It is reported that the foreign acreage of potatoes is to be doubled and hereafter increased year by year. The southern rice growers have faired better at the hands of the Democratic tariff makers. The Wilson tariff imposes a duty of almost sixty cents a bushel on rice.

The Schoolmaster Wilson thinks he knows more about what the business men of the country want than they do themselves. Delegations after delegation from business Associations, Chamber of Commerce, boards of trade etc., from all over the northern sections of the country have protested against the proposed laws hampering business but the President tells them that the depression, caused by laws already passed and the fear of more drastic ones to come, is only psychological and that the policy the Democratic Congress is pursuing is absolutely necessary to satisfy the "Conscience of the Country." When a man's house is on fire it is truly encouraging to be told that the trouble is merely "psychological." And when a man's business is going to ruin it must encourage him to be told that it is absolutely necessary to destroy his business to satisfy the Conscience of the Country.

Business Depressed by Tariff Reductions.

Anticipated spring business in steel construction has fallen far below expectations. Reports from the steel districts which supply building material show a great falling off in mill operations.

Building operations are usually a good thermometer of good or bad times. The demand for iron and steel for buildings would seem to be growing worse and worse. The whole trend of the iron and steel industry is downward. It is reported to be operating at about sixty-five per cent. of its capacity.

In the Pittsburg district, each week's record in iron and steel seems worse than the week before. Reports to the New York Sun show that at the United States Steel Corporation mills, at Farrell, Pa., the March business booked fell far below expectations and that consequently prices are not as firm as they were in the first few months of the year. The same report says that the curtailment of operations in certain departments of the steel industry at Farrell, "tends to confirm the assertion that current buying of steel is running fifty per cent. lighter than a month ago."

A recent report of John A. Penton, of Cleveland, secretary of the American Pig Iron Association, says that foreign manufacturers, operating under a lower cost of production, are shipping large quantities of pig iron into the United States, while the industry here is being carried on at a heavy loss. The wages of thousands of employees in the pig iron industry have been reduced, the report says, or will have to be to meet the situation.

"Within the past few months the tariff changes have been overlooked by the country in general, but their effect is now being felt", says James A. Campbell, of the Youngstown (Ohio) Sheet and Tube Company. "Naturally some time would be required for foreign steel makers to prepare for competition in the United States but their selling agencies are now at work and foreigners are reaching into American territory from seaboard points. To meet this competition we must reduce labor costs as we cannot pay protective tariff wages on a free trade basis."

Mr. Campbell says tariff reductions are largely responsible for the present conditions in the iron and steel industry.

The Lobster Again.

The cause of the vanishing lobster is looking up again, thanks to the favorable action in the United States Senate on the bill to establish a lobster hatchery. This means the cause of the lobster on the Maine coast, which is still the main source of the supply, though the increasing demand, the depredations of natural enemies and the difficulties in the way of enforcing protective laws have combined to make serious inroads during the last few years. To be sure, the Senate bill simply provides that the hatchery shall be established on the "Atlantic coast," but that simply shows how wise Senators Johnson and Burleigh have come to be in playing the game in Washington. They know that the fish commission will consider no location except the coast of Maine, but by having "Atlantic coast" instead of "Maine coast" in the bill they were able to jolly along a lot of colleagues whose votes were needed.

The threnody of the lobster has been sung several times—notably by Holman F. Day, the official poet of Maine—and its obituary often penned, but there is hope that generations to come will not be wholly deprived of this food luxury. Only a few weeks ago there was such an unprecedentedly large supply of lobsters suddenly shipped to the Boston market that the retail price dropped one half. Yet, at that, it was far higher than the price of a few years ago, and it was "low" for only a few days. If the various New England coast states and Nova Scotia could agree in their laws on closed seasons and on the length of "shorts" it would be a long step forward.—Boston Herald.

Alas! How True?

(From the Democratic Washington Post.)

Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, who was the Democratic leader in the House before Underwood, and who berated his colleagues in the Senate Wednesday for quarreling over the selection of reserve cities and other matters, declared the party was beginning to do just what it could be counted upon doing every time.

"The poor, dear, old, foolish Democratic party," said the Democratic senator, "is going through the same game that she can be generally trusted to go through soon after she gets into power."

"That is the Democratic party, true enough," he continued. "That is its history. That is what led Speaker Tom Reed to say in 1894 and 1895: 'You can't last long because you are not accustomed to governing anybody or anything; you cannot govern the country because you cannot govern yourselves. You are incompetent.'"

The President is going to insist on the passage of all of his anti-trust bills, so called. Most people call them business depression bills. It looks as though the President was doing all in his power to elect a Republican Congress next fall.

The colonel should hasten to Oregon, where the registration of Republicans is sixteen times that of the Progressives and more than double that of Democrats and Progressives combined.

The Blunder In Mexico.

(Boston Truth.)

Were it not for the twenty dead marines, the murdered and deserted American citizens, the outraged women, the dishonored flag, the wholesale destruction of American property and the fever-threatened soldiers cooped up in Vera Cruz, one would be tempted to laugh with the rest of the world at Prof. Wilson's Mexican "policy."

For a year or more, the only Mexican "policy" the Professor had, apparently, was the elimination of Huerta, who had stubbornly refused to do as he was told and brazenly got the best of every diplomatic exchange with the great man in Washington. If he had any other policy, he was very careful to conceal it, not only from the public, but from the members of the foreign relations committee of the United States Senate, who had a right to know.

Having pursued, in the name of peace, the only possible course that could lead to war between this country and Mexico, and having got himself by a series of diplomatic blunders, the like of which the world had never seen, into trouble in Vera Cruz, the Professor finally appeared before Congress and demanded the right to use the army and navy of the United States to punish Mexico's President. Giving no adequate reason for his extraordinary request, the Professor still refused to disclose his "policy", but with a display of blind obedience and patience unparalleled in its history, the Congress granted him the authority he sought.

So far as the members of Congress and the American public knew then, the Professor's only purpose in going into Mexico was to uphold the honor of the flag. But there was a general feeling that behind this was another purpose—perhaps the real one—the substitution for Huerta of the world's most notorious professional assassin and plunderer, Pancho Villa. And while the people were satisfied to sacrifice the lives of American sailors and soldiers and millions of American money to uphold the honor of the flag, they stood aghast at the prospect of making such a sacrifice in such an unholy cause.

Eventually, despite the assurance of sycophants and newspaper apologists that the people were solidly behind the administration in its Mexican "policy," the rumblings and grumblings of growing popular impatience and suspicion began to reach the understanding of the Professor. Something clearly had to be done. If there was no Mexican policy, one had to be created. And presto, with the aid of the rubicund Samuel and his ready pencil, a policy was created forthwith.

And such a policy!

A policy, to paraphrase the Professor's own words, involving a new idea and a new ideal—an idea so impractical that it could not have germinated anywhere but in the mind of a man who had spent his life lording it over children, and an ideal so visionary as to challenge belief in its authenticity.

When the Professor went before Congress demanding the right to use the army and navy to punish Huerta for certain fancied insults, he assured the American people that he had no desire to interfere in the internal affairs of the Mexican republic. But now he gives forth a "policy" which would make of the President of the United States nothing short of a Mexican dictator!

The Professor would go into Mexico to prosecute a "war of service to mankind," and would stay in Mexico until he had forced what he calls a "constitutional government" upon the Mexican people; and he would do all this, forsooth, in the name of peace and orderly government and for the benefit of a people who hate the Americans and do not want their advice!

No people, says the Professor, is unfitted for self-government. Agreed. But it isn't self-government that he proposes for Mexico. Rather is it a hateful foreign military dictatorship. He would force upon the Mexican people a new civilization, and asks us to maintain an army and a navy in Mexico until that task is accomplished.

We have been several hundred years trying to impose our form of civilization upon the American Indian, and he is still an American Indian. The world has tried for centuries to make over the Chinaman, and he is still a Chinaman, and neither desires nor tolerates our form of civilization. How long does Professor Wilson think it is going to take Uncle Sam to make over the ancient Mexican Indian race into a race with the desire and the capacity for a form of civilization about which it knows little and cares less?

Verily, the optimism and idealism and simplicity of some great men passeth understanding!

What is the Matter With the Country? Politics.

A prominent financial writer says: The President insists that the causes of business depression are psychological rather than real. But this does not satisfy. We can hardly apply Christian Science to general trade. The fact is that hundreds of thousands of men are out of employment because there is not a sufficient demand for goods to keep the manufacturing plants busy.

People are disturbed over affairs both at home and abroad. There is a disgust regarding politics. Business men want to be left alone to work out their own salvation. Instead of this we are up against all manner of investigations and anti-trust laws. There seems to be a purpose to delve for every weak spot possible, and to aggravate its importance.

All this, of course, tends to check confidence and the initiative. One looks to the future without any indication of any immediate change for the better. Sentiment is such that it is difficult to change it.

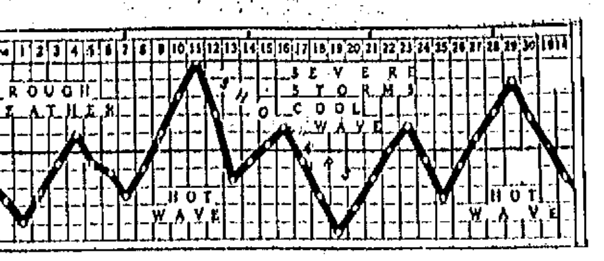
There is a disposition to do as little as possible, and wait for developments. This is quite as marked in commercial circles as in financial quarters. Good crops may help the situation; without question will, and yet it requires confidence in government as well as in men to influence the disposition to broaden out.

But undoubtedly public opinion is growing stronger in favor of a change in political domination. This is likely to show itself next fall.

When the situation does change it is apt to change radically. One extreme generates the other. There will come a time when the pendulum will begin to swing rapidly the other way, and then conditions will look differently.

We must not forget that this is a great country. We have enormous resources, and some day we shall wake up to the possibilities before us.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



June will average warmer than usual. Rainfall will be generally deficient. Most rain in eastern section, particularly in north Atlantic sections. Not many severe storms. Most severe storms not far from June 20. Not good cropweather month; too dry except in northeastern sections. Very hot near June 1 and 20. Very cool near June 10. Showers are expected June 12 and 20.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. June 4, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent May 9 to 13, warm wave 8 to 12, cool wave 11 to 15. This will be a critical time for the growing crops. In the great central valleys that produce most of our grain and cotton the temperatures will rise from about June 1 to June 15 and a great hot wave with serious drouth in the middle central valleys is expected to prevail most of the time from June 4 to June 16 and particularly from June 9 to June 13 inclusive, covering from 5 to 13 days. Hot winds in the middle west are expected during that critical period, probably from June 9 to 13, and these hot winds are expected to damage the corn and oats crops.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 14, cross Pacific slope by close of 15, great central valleys 16 to 18, eastern sections 19. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 13, great central valleys 15, eastern sections 17. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 16, great central valleys 18, eastern sections 20.

This storm wave covers another critical period for cotton, northern Winter wheat and the middle central valleys oats crops. Our calculations are that up to middle of June Canada will get most of the rain on this continent and that the Spring wheat will be benefited by those rains. The sections west of Mississippi river, covering Texas, Oklahoma, etc., where excessive rains fell in May, will be dry first half of June and the east Gulf States will continue dry to middle of June.

This distribution of rain would leave the great corn growing sections dry, also the middle sections of the best oats producing country and suggests fair cropweather for Canada Spring wheat, bad crop weather for corn and oats and bad cropweather for cotton. In the cotton states the oats crops will be harvested by about June 10.

From June 15 to 23 showers are expected but they will probably benefit Canada more than the States. Under average conditions we would get fine rains from June 15 to 25, but the moisture necessary to supply our transcontinental lows, enabling them to make rain, will be principally on the east coasts of South America, causing in Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay heavy rains that will damage that part of their corn crop not gathered.

Our danger signals will hang out for the week centering on June 20 and all are warned that severe storms are probable during those seven days. The absence of moisture will lessen the severity of the storms during that week in a general way but a few localities will get thunder storms, probably hail or heavy rains, and tornadoes should be watched for.

An unusually low temperature in a cool wave moving eastward is expected to reach meridian 90 near June 19 and that temperature will not miss the frost line very far on the division line between Canada and the States. We shall have something to say about July weather in next bulletin.

To All Right Minded People.

(New York Sun)

Colonel Roosevelt's farewell address before he took charge of the Atlantic Ocean for a few days, as a favor to Admiral Neptune, contains just about enough to keep the brethren guessing and wondering until he returns and all hands begin to play. It is prudent, provisional, an interim filler, a curiosity raiser; just what its deep revolving author meant it should be. Its temperature is moderate and of early summer.

It would be premature to ponder too seriously this preliminary notice of intention. The Colonel is waiting on events. If they are not satisfactory, if they don't turn up as per his schedule, there will be seas of trouble.

Meanwhile it is the duty of all right minded people to agree with the Colonel, at present the Admiral, that "the two boss" system is a sin and a shame as well as played out. This State and this country need and can't get along without just one boss. Temporary mail address: Madrid.

Says a western paper: There is no doubt as to who will be the best man at Kermit's wedding but if any should arise he will be ready to prove his claims.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

If This Scientist Succeeds We Will Have a New Economic Era.

A remarkable suggestion is advanced by a Russian scientist. Could the vital functions of animals be completely suspended for a period and then restored to full vigor an economic revolution would result. The stock on the farm which yields no profit in the winter, such as bees and sheep, might literally be laid aside until spring, costing nothing during the unproductive season and yielding a profit as soon as they began to incur expense.

The cost of shipping live stock of all kinds would fall to the irreducible minimum. With vital functions suspended all kinds of animals, birds and fish could be made to occupy the smallest possible space in the transporting vehicle and carried without injury to themselves or of any deterioration in their food value, to be received in full flesh and vigor at the end of the journey or when needed for use.

Such a hiatus in the existence of man could it be brought about successfully would add materially to his apparent life span and tide him over many critical periods.

Such are the thoughts occupying the mind of the Russian scientist, who is making exhaustive experiments along the very lines which suggest them. He has succeeded in suspending the vital functions of lower organisms by drying and restoring them by the application of moisture.

He has accomplished the same ends in some insects by submitting them to varying degrees of low temperature and afterward applying heat.

Now he is gradually ascending in the scale of life, but with the frank confession that he dares not hope that his successes will reach the height to which he aspires.—Boston Herald.

Prussian Executions.

By the German law all capital punishments must be carried out by beheading, but it is left to the separate states to choose their own method. In those districts which were annexed by Napoleon I, the guillotine still prevails. Other regions may use the ax, the sword, or a carving knife if they please. The Prussian method is that, the victim sitting in a chair, he is beheaded by a horizontal sweep of a long sword.—Manchester News.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, JUNE, 1914

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Morn	Water Eve
6 Sat	4 06	7 18	2 20	5 22	6 01
7 Sun	4 05	7 20	[illegible]	6 10	6 52
8 Mon	4 05	7 20	rises	7 30	7 55
9 Tues	4 05	7 21	9 21	8 10	8 38
10 Wed	4 05	7 22	10 08	9 15	9 51
11 Thur	4 05	7 22	10 41	10 16	10 52
12 Fri	4 05	7 23	11 05	11 09	11 44

Moon's 1st qr, June 1 — 4 08m, Morning
Full Moon, June 8 — 12 15m, Morning
Moon's last qr. June 15 — 6 26m, Morning
New Moon June 23 — 10 35m, Morning
Moon's 1st qr. June 30 — 2 25m, Evening

Sea Roses.

The sea rose is a leathery looking creature which attaches itself to a stone at the bottom of the sea in its infancy and ultimately attains a size about three inches in length and an inch and a half in breadth. When quiet and feeding under water its top opens and blossoms into the semblance of a large pink rose, with petals fully an inch long, a really handsome object. As soon as it is disturbed, however, it shuts itself resolutely into its leather pod.

A woman can take a plume and wear it on one side of her hat one day, on the other side another day, on the front of her hat another day and on the back another day. She can wear it curled round the rim, under the rim, across the crown or straight up in the air. But if a man happens to put his hat on with the rear end in front he looks like a durn fool.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Deaths.

In this city, 31st inst., Fanny F., widow of Simon Collins, in her 81st year.

In this city, 31st inst., John Francis, son of Patrick and Nora Sullivan.

In this city 4th inst., William T. Dennis, in his 86th year.

Funeral services at the Belmont Memorial Chapel, Island Cemetery, on Monday (8th inst.) at two-thirty (2:30) o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

At his residence, 3 Fir Street, William Smith.

In this city, June 3, George Tallman, in his 63d year.

At Norwell, Virginia, May 2, William Starr Cooper, son of the late Richard and Mary Starr Cooper.

In Tiverton, 31st ult., Richard Dwelly, in his 84th year.

In Providence, 8th ult., Frank L. Fish of Tiverton, in his 54th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1851. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country Places.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil

Mica Axle Grease

Sold by dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

FALLS ON KNEES BEFORE KING

Militant Begs British Ruler Not to Use Force

A SENSATION AT BUCKINGHAM

Woman Attired in Court Dress, Whose Identity Is Unknown, Arrested After Securing Entrance to Court In Mysterious Manner—Fears That Prince May Be Kidnapped

The most astounding incident in the history of the militant suffragettes of Great Britain occurred when, in spite of the most extraordinary precautions, a militant succeeded in reaching the presence of the king at the court held at Buckingham palace.

Throwing herself on her knees before the king and queen, she shouted: "Your Majesty, for God's sake, do not use force!"

The woman was attired in court dress, and her action caused profound astonishment. She continued to admonish the king, but her words were inaudible, as the conductor of the band in the gallery, quick to observe the incident, signalled to the band to play louder, and the woman's voice was drowned.

She was immediately removed from the room and handed over to the police. The name of the woman is not known, and close inquiries are being made as to how she obtained a card of admission.

The scene, which gave a shock to those in the immediate vicinity of the royal circle, was very brief, and the assemblage had scarcely any knowledge of what was going on.

Whether the woman was one of the invited guests who sympathized with the suffrage movement or an intruder who gained admission to the court by forged card is still unknown.

It is difficult, however, to imagine how any person could have gained access to the court on a forged invitation, as the police had knowledge of a conspiracy to approach the royal presence, and every guest and every carriage arriving at Buckingham palace had been subjected to a very close inspection by a host of detectives—a unique precaution and one that caused considerable delay and not a little indignation or irritation in court circles.

The incident is calculated to produce a feeling of still greater exasperation in the public mind and renewed demands for strong measures to suppress the suffragette agitation.

Militant suffragettes have forced King George to supply a body guard of Scotland Yard detectives for his third son, Prince Henry, 14 years old.

Information that the boy was in danger of being kidnapped caused the king to sent to Eton, where the young prince is studying, special men who know all of the principal militants.

Prince Henry, like all students at Eton, has a room for his exclusive use. This room now is guarded continually. He has a giant tutor, Hansell by name.

On account of suffrage activities King George has been compelled to abandon his daily horseback ride in Rotten Row. It is stated the patience of the government has been exhausted and that the law offices of the crown are considering what action shall be taken against subscribers to the funds of the Women's Social and Political union, a complete list of whom was discovered in the recent raid on the London headquarters.

DOCTOR IS THRASHED

Militants Use Horsewhip on Official of Holloway Jail

Militant suffragettes again wreaked their vengeance on Dr. Francis E. Forward, deputy governor and medical officer of Holloway jail.

Two women, armed with horsewhips, sprang upon Forward as he left the prison and were thrashing him severely when a policeman came to his rescue.

The women declared their action was a protest against the "forcible feeding, for which this beast is responsible."

Forward refused to charge the women with assault, but the police detained them on a charge of disorderly conduct.

An "arson squad" of militant suffragettes destroyed by fire the historic parish church of St. Mary's, Wargrave, Eng.

All that remains of the church, which was built in 1625, is a portion of the tower and the scorched stone walls.

WHITMAN FOR GOVERNOR

Will Try For Nomination In the Republican Primaries

District Attorney Whitman of New York announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor.

It was learned also that a movement had been launched with the design of procuring Whitman's nomination on both the Republican and Progressive tickets.

Temperance Worker Killed by Fall

Temperance forces are mourning the sudden death of one of their most active workers, Mrs. Mary L. Cheney, 56, who fractured her skull when she fell down a flight of stairs in her home in Boston.

Two Aviators Drown

Commander Rice and Lieutenant Creswell were drowned when the plane in which they were making a flight at Southampton, Eng., suddenly plunged into the sea. The plane was engaged with several other air craft in manoeuvres.

1024 PERSONS LOST IN WRECK

Number Rescued From Empress of Ireland Given as 452

INQUIRY WILL BEGIN JUNE 8

British and Canadian Governments to Co-operate in Most Thorough Investigation—Attention Focussed on Conflicting Statements of Captains of Ships in Collision—Storstad is Libelled by Owners of the Wrecked Ship

Latest figures on the loss of life by the sinking of the steamer Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence River by the collier Storstad, given out in an official statement by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, show that 1024 persons perished.

The company has learned that there were 1476 persons aboard the Empress instead of 1387 as heretofore stated, hence the increase in the death list.

Photo by American Press Association.
CAPTAIN KENDALL

The total saved is now given as 451. These include 26 first cabin, 47 second cabin, 136 steerage and 233 officers and crew. Of the four classes, the figures show the greatest percentage of survivors among the officers and crew.

Of the 1024 who died the bodies of a few more than 200 have been recovered and only 103 identified.

Conflicting Statements

Material for the announced investigation on June 8 of the disaster is already provided by the conflicting statements of the captains of the Empress of Ireland and the Storstad.

Canada and the British government will co-operate in this investigation which, it is promised, will be "as thorough as possible." Two Canadian commissioners and one from England will constitute the board to make the investigation.

Photo by American Press Association.
CAPTAIN ANDERSON

Before this high investigating body will come, besides the sworn testimony of passengers, officers and seamen of the two ships, the conflicting statements of the two captains, on which attention is focussed today.

Captain Kendall of the Empress makes the serious charge that, notwithstanding his whistled signals and warning through his megaphone, the collier came on unheeding and "cut him down between the funnels," though his ship was without way. Also he charges that, although he asked to the Storstad to keep its bow in the hole it had made in the fated ship and thus prevent inflow of the sea, the collier backed away and lay a mile and a half off when boats began to pick up the survivors.

Anderson's Side

Captain Anderson, on the other hand, denies he backed his ship, but asserts that the movement of the damaged vessel twisted it away from the Storstad, although he did keep the Storstad going ahead. He put off every boat he had, despite his own ship's precarious condition, he further asserts, and says he thus saved most of those who came ashore alive. Kendall, contrary to this, is quoted as saying that only a few boats from the Storstad took people from the wreckage to which they clung.

While the commission is organizing Captain Lindsay, the wreck commissioner of the government, is carrying on a preliminary investigation, preparing evidence and getting the case ready as far as possible. All the passengers who were saved will be summoned to give evidence under oath before Lindsay, and officers and members of the Empress and the collier who sent her to the bottom will be examined.

The royal commission will report upon what measures should be taken to make navigation in the narrow waters of the St. Lawrence more secure and whether there should be a revision of the rules which now govern shipping traffic in that river. It is expected that a set of drastic rules will be prepared and that they will be thoroughly enforced.

Storstad Libeled For $2,000,000

The collier Storstad reached Montreal under her own steam. Contrary to the stories which have been received of her condition, she was very little injured. Her stem was bent back for over a dozen feet high above the water line and she stood up straight. She has about 11,000 tons of coal on board. Only a few officials were allowed to board her.

As soon as the vessel tied up, a writ, issued by the Canadian Pacific railway claiming $2,000,000 in the Quebec admiralty court, was served on Captain Anderson and the Storstad was placed under detention.

Twelve Victims Buried

Twelve of the crew of the steamship Empress of Ireland were buried at Quebec with fitting ceremony.

The funeral procession, moving to the music of military bands, passed between double rows of sorrowing spectators, representing every class of society. Everywhere flags were at half staff.

Services were held in two churches—St. Patrick's, the Roman Catholic church, where five of the bodies lay, and the Angelican cathedral, where there were seven of the dead.

Lieutenant Governor Langelier, Premier Gouin and members of the cabinet attended in person. Mayor Drouin and the council followed the cortege, in the ranks of which were several Canadian Pacific railway officials.

LABOR UNIONS EXEMPT

Anti-Trust Bill Amended by Congress to Favor Union Men

Without a dissenting vote, the national house amended the proposed administration anti-trust law to exempt labor unions from action under the Sherman law.

There were 297 affirmative votes on the administration compromise committee amendment.

IS REMARRIED TO HER FIRST HUSBAND

Rear Admiral Eaton's Widow Is Again Mrs. Ainsworth

Mrs. Jennie M. Eaton, widow of Rear Admiral Joseph O. Eaton, who was tried and acquitted of the murder of the latter at Plymouth, Mass., last fall, surprised her closest friends by her remarriage to her first husband, D. H. Ainsworth, in Washington.

MRS. AINSWORTH

Eight years ago the Ainsworths were divorced in Illinois. At the trial last fall Mrs. Eaton denied any whereabouts.

Mrs. Eaton testified that he was a habitual drunkard and that she was compelled to leave him and take up nursing because of his habits and his non-support. It was while she was engaged as a nurse that she met Eaton, nursing his invalid wife until she died. Within a few weeks after her death she married the admiral.

AFTER TWO WEEKS' TRIAL

Woman Accused of Killing Husband is Acquitted in Eight Minutes

After deliberating eight minutes, a jury at Putnam, Conn., acquitted Mrs. Amanda U. Lawson of East Woodstock of the charge of manslaughter in the death of her husband, Jonas P. Lawson, last August.

Lawson was found dead in a horse stall in a stable in the rear of his home. A trail of blood was found.

Mrs. Lawson was arrested, charged with first degree murder, but the grand jury failed to find a true bill. She was rearrested some months later, charged with manslaughter, and the trial has been in progress two weeks.

The Church of the Assumption at Millbury, Mass., was destroyed by fire, the source of which is a mystery. The loss will probably reach $125,000.

All records were broken when ninety-two persons applied at the office of registry of marriages at Boston for licenses to wed. The previous record was ninety, reached two years ago.

Mrs. Lily Busch, widow of Adolphus Busch, the St. Louis brewer, was allowed a claim of $2,112,000 against the estate of her husband, according to a decision of the probate court.

SUCCESS OF PEACE PARLEY

Depends Largely Upon Decision to Be Made by Carranza

PROPOSAL OF THE MEDIATORS

Pressure on Rebels to Agree to Settlement of Mexico's Internal Affairs—Asked to Consent to Armistice If Only For a Few Days—President Says There Is No Crisis

Re-establishment of peace in Mexico is "up to" General Carranza. This is the position of officials at Washington, the result of important mediation developments at Niagara Falls.

Confidence that a solution will speedily result satisfactory to the constitutionalists, as a result of Huerta's notice to the A. B. C. envoys that he stands ready to resign upon the "political pacification" of Mexico, is generally expressed.

Huerta's open agreement to retire, known privately in official circles since his representatives to Niagara Falls received instructions at Mexico City, paved the way, it is believed, for a certain solution acceptable to Carranza.

Administration officials redoubled their efforts to influence the constitutionalists to accept the proposal of the mediators. The chief stumbling block, with Huerta practically eliminated as a personal factor, is the insistence of the mediators for settlement of Mexico's internal affairs. Some way will be found, officials stated, to overcome the objection of Carranza to this proposal.

The constitutionalists' junta was agog with excitement following receipt of the note from the mediators to Rafael Zubaran, Carranza's representative in Washington. Members of the junta admitted that "recognition" of Carranza's claims by the mediators had just put a more favorable aspect on the situation.

Renewed pressure was brought to bear by administration officials upon the constitutionalists to consent to an armistice, if only a brief one, until mediation could be tried out a few days longer.

One plan strongly suggested to the constitutionalists was the naming by the mediators of a provisional government composed entirely of "neutral Mexicans" who would be acceptable to Carranza.

Optimism over the outcome of mediation remains the administration keynote. But it is tempered with a grave apprehension that there is still a rocky road ahead over constitutionalist participation in the Niagara Falls program.

President Wilson told callers "there is no crisis in mediation," but at the same time he admittedly felt that there is prospect of further, although not necessarily serious, drawbacks at Niagara Falls.

HOE JURY DISAGREES

Woman Brought $225,000 Heart Balm Suit Against Millionaire

Disagreement in the $225,000 breach of promise suit of Miss Mae Sullivan against Millionaire Arthur I. Hoe ended a long jury vigil on the sensational case at New York. There will be a new trial.

After wrangling over the merits of the story of betrayal told by Miss Sullivan, the jury found themselves hopelessly deadlocked.

Eight of them, it was said, believed Hoe had used his wealth and position to impress the girl to her ruin. Four believed her an adventuress who guilefully squeezed out of the heir of the famous printer more than $50,000 he admitted having spent on her.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Paul Deschanel, one of the "immortals," was re-elected speaker of the French chamber of deputies.

King George V. of England celebrated his 49th birthday. He received many messages of congratulation.

N. B. Emmanuel, 66, assistant director of the Chicago Grand Opera company and a musical authority of international reputation, died at Chicago.

Memorial exercises in many cities of the south marked the observance of the birthday of Jefferson Davis.

Dr. Emil Gruening, 72, one of the most noted surgeons in this country, died at his home in New York from cerebral endarteritis.

HAS FITS OF DEPRESSION

Becker, Once Good Natured Prisoner, Now Said to Fear the Worst

Charles Becker, for the second time found guilty of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, is not the same good-natured prisoner he was when in the death house at Sing Sing prison before. Instead he mopes in his cell and is gloomy.

Becker's gloom is increased by the fact that he entered the cell, No. 17, on a Friday, and, being superstitious, looks upon that as an omen of ill-luck.

SULZER'S REMOVAL UPHELD

Deposed Governor's Case to Be Carried to the Highest Court

The New York court of appeals upheld the validity of the removal of William Sulzer as governor of New York by the court of impeachment held last year.

Counsel of Sulzer announced their intention to take the case to the United States supreme court.

Sulzer announced himself as an independent candidate for the next gubernatorial nomination.

HUB WOMAN SLAIN BY BROTHER-IN-LAW

Murderer Then Shoots Self After Quarrel Over Money

As the result of a quarrel over money matters Mrs. Rose Rosenberg, aged 32, proprietor of a tailoring shop in Boston, died with three bullets in her body, and her brother-in-law, Jacob Rosenberg, 28, who shot her and then turned the revolver on himself, is near death.

Bitterness on the part of Rosenberg toward his brother's wife, stirred up by quarrels over money matters, is credited by the police with being responsible for the tragedy. Rosenberg was formerly employed as a presser by Mrs. Rosenberg in her store, and, it is said, claimed that she owed him money.

ASKS FOR "DIVORCE"

Walsh Sends Railroad Message to Bay State Legislature

In Governor Walsh's railroad message to the Massachusetts legislature he urges absolute divorcing of the Boston and Maine from the New Haven through the adoption of the dissolution agreement reached between the New Haven and the federal government at Washington.

The governor also urges a thorough financial reorganization of the Boston and Maine by consolidating the road's leased lines.

The governor recommends that the question of whether or not the state should acquire the Boston and Maine stock now held by the Boston Holding company be submitted to the voters at the next state election.

ANOTHER FOR RESOLUTE

Vanitie Quits Race to Pick Up Two Men Who Went Overboard

The initial series in Long Island sound for the America's cup defense candidate yachts was won by the Resolute, after the Vanitie withdrew while in the lead in order to assist in the rescue of two of her seamen, who had been washed overboard during the first leg of the race.

In one of the closest races ever sailed on Long Island sound the cup candidate Resolute beat the Vanitie in their second race by twenty-five seconds.

Heeled under a stiff northwest breeze, the Vanitie flashed across the finish line a winner over the Resolute by 16 minutes 48 seconds in the first race for the America's cup defense candidate yachts on Long Island sound.

GASOLENE IN SEWERS

Cause of Explosion at Boston in Which Three Men Are Killed

Gasolene dumped in the sewers was the direct cause of an explosion which completely demolished the "screen house" of the metropolitan sewage pumping station in East Boston, killing three employes and injuring more than a dozen others, according to authorities of the state and city sewerage departments.

The dead are Michael Devereaux, Thomas Butler and James Groark. Cornelius Sullivan and James McGovern are believed to be dying.

GETS YEAR IN PRISON

Punishment of Former Collector Shevlin For Smuggling at Boston

Terence L. Shevlin, formerly deputy collector of the United States customs force in Boston, was sentenced to one year and one day in the prison at Greenfield, Mass., for smuggling dutiable goods into the country.

The cases of Annie W. Shevlin, his wife, and Kate A. Brennan, indicted with him, were placed on file. District Attorney French urged the short sentence for Shevlin on the ground of his illness, due to a paralytic shock.

NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

Former President William H. Taft laid the cornerstone of New Haven's new marble postoffice, which is to cost $1,600,000.

An explosion and fire destroyed the Searchlight Gas company's plant at Canton, Mass. The loss is about $10,000.

The bill establishing a state forestry commission was passed to be engrossed in the Massachusetts house.

Stepping from behind an engine which he had just cleaned, William Regan, 65, walked into the path of another engine at Boston and was instantly killed.

Frank Hilmin, 57 years old, fell down a flight of stairs at Boston and died from a fractured skull.

A fire believed to have been incendiary, at the Crumb quarry, Westerly, R. I., caused a loss of $16,000.

The much talked of Spanish war veterans' preference bill which went through the Massachusetts house, came to a quick death in the senate on a voice vote.

DASHES INTO A CROWD

Motorcyclist Is Killed and Many Spectators Are Injured

Archie Armstrong, a motorcyclist, was instantly killed and a large number of spectators were injured at the Pittsburg motordrome, when a machine driven by Armstrong became unmanageable and dashed into the crowd.

A number of the injured are in a serious condition.

Aged Woman Burns to Death

Mrs. Nancy W. Weston, aged 87, was burned to death when she went back into her blazing home at Bremen, Me., to get some valuables which she had forgotten. Her husband and son-in-law, who tried to rescue her, were severely burned.

Where Does the Money Go?

After you have earned your money, doesn't it follow that you should know where it goes?

In making up your check, the stub which remains in the book can be made to show just what that money was spent for. So, by going through your check stubs, you know just where your money goes and what for.

Now, why not place the management of your household on this business basis? We are confident you will be well pleased with the results.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Why not see US about it?

If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—

Catalogs, Pamphlets, Booklets, Circular Work

we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and and serve you well.

Why not see US about it?

We can do any work that can be done in any Printing Office in the United States.

Mercury Publishing Company.

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

"What do you raise here?" asked the horseback traveler of a boy who was plowing on a little mountain farm in West Virginia.

"I raise corn an' pertaters," said the boy; "maw raises chickens, and when paw comes back from thar still he raises Cain."—Baltimore Sun.

ECZEMA ITCHED AWFULLY ON HEAD

Thought Would Go Wild. Dry and Flaky. Hair Nearly All Came Out. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment Three Months. Head All Cured.

39 Atkinson St., Bellows Falls, Vt.—"I had eczema on my head and it itched something awful. It seemed sometimes as though I would go wild. The eczema was dry and flaky. One day I combed it hard with a fine comb and made it all raw. My hair nearly all came out gradually so I had a small twist of hair and did not use but one hairpin to hold it.

"I tried ——— but in vain; it did no good. Then I thought I would try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used them three months and then my head was all cured and my hair began to grow so it is quite thick now; I have four times as much as I had." (Signed) Mrs. Ellen W. Adams, Nov. 16, 1912.

FOR PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

The following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of these distressing facial eruptions. Sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

RHODE ISLAND.

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FOUR-YEAR COURSES (B. S. Degree) in

Agriculture
Engineering
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SHORT COURSES (for students eighteen years of age and over) in

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Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. No tuition to residents of the state, board and room at cost.

New science hall in use this year. Write for catalogue and illustrated booklet or visit the college at Kingston. Nineteen trains daily.

A great opportunity for the young men and young women of Rhode Island.

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Notice

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

SITUATION WANTED by gardener. (Private place.) First class recommendations. Five years in Rhode Island. Age 31, married, one child. A trainer. Twenty years extensive experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and tender plants. Vegetables etc.

Address S. W. S. Box 319 Peace Dale, R. I.

Mr. Plowden's Eloquence.

However embarrassing to themselves, the troubles of your barristers are often entertaining to the spectators. Mr. Plowden, the police court magistrate, tells an amusing story against himself. Some years ago he was briefed to defend a man charged with horse stealing, and it chanced that the prisoner was brought up while his counsel was absent from court.

"I was disgusted on my return," says Mr. Plowden, "to find that he had actually pleaded guilty. I at once sought out the judge, and asked him privately to let the plea be withdrawn, assuring him that, had I been in court, I should have advised the prisoner differently." The judge agreed, after some demur, and the trial came on. Mr. Plowden made an eloquent defense, and then the judge began his summing up.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began dryly, "the prisoner is indicted for stealing a horse. To this charge he has pleaded 'Guilty,' but the learned counsel is convinced this was a mistake. The question therefore, is one for you, gentlemen, if you should have any doubt, pray bear this in mind—that the prisoner was there, and the learned counsel wasn't!"

The jury believed the prisoner.—Exchange.

Would Do His Best.

At the beginning of the last session of congress all the Democrats were bemoaning the fact that their constituents were overwhelming them with requests for political appointments. Senator John Walter Smith, of Maryland, said that he had come to the end of his rope, and that there were no more jobs which he could get for anybody for love or money.

To illustrate how hard he was still being pressed by the job seekers, he told of a man having come into his office that morning with the statement:

"Senator, I know you can get me a job, and you've just got to do it. I am in the depths of despair."

The senator replied that he was sorry, and that the best he could do would be to follow the example of the drunken man who was asked for aid by another.

"Shay, old fellow," said the drunkard who was lying in the gutter, "help me out of here will you?"

The other drunkard made several tugs at the unfortunate prostrate man, and then remarked:

"Shay, I can't get you out of there, but I'll tell you what I can do—I can lay down there beside you."

Brain Exercise.

There has been serious trouble in a certain school. One of the teachers said he was no believer in the old hackneyed system of teaching.

"What is wanted," said he, "is something which will make the children think and reason for themselves. Mere addition and subtraction are too mechanical."

In accordance with his idea, he gave his pupils 100 questions, of which the following is a specimen:

"What is it that can go up a spout down, but cannot go down a spout up?"

The brain-fever hospitals thereabouts were full of children for weeks afterwards, and the teacher was dismissed without a character, yet the answer to the riddle was very simple: An umbrella.—London Tit-Bits.

That's Tracing It Back.

Henry Cabot Lodge, though his family is one of the oldest in America, has no sympathy with those who claim descent from and use the arms of William the Conqueror, Richard Coeur de Lion, Charlemange, and so forth. There are, everybody knows, many such persons.

At one of the New England society dinners in New York a young man, twirling the Hohenzollern crest upon his watch chain, said to Senator Lodge:

"How far can your ancestry be traced?"

"I am tempted to answer you in the words of Smythe," said Senator Lodge. "Smythe, you know, when this question was put to him, replied:

"'When my great grandfather suddenly resigned his position as cashier in a Boston bank they traced him as far as Borneo, but he got away.'"

The artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into the studio.

"My dear," said he, "this is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home?'" she said after a long look.

"'Home?' Why?"

"Because there is no place like it," she replied meekly.—Glasgow Times.

A Divided Village.

In the readjustment of boundaries after the Franco-Prussian war the little village of La Schlucht was divided between the two nations. France and Germany meet in the middle of the main street, and as the boundary line follows a slanting course it is possible for a French and a German soldier to pose for a joint photograph, each remaining within his own territory.

Her Jail Experiences.

"You admit that you have been in prison?" said the cross examining lawyer sternly.

"Yes, sir," answered the shrinking young creature.

"Now, will you please tell the court whether you were there as a criminal, a suffragette or an investigator for a reform association?"—Buffalo Express.

Lone Celebrity.

"So this is home coming week in Hedgeville?"

"Yes. But the only man who ever succeeded in putting this town on the map won't be here."

"Unavoidably detained?"

"Yes. He's in the penitentiary."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906, Serial number 1655.

ACHIEVEMENT!

The rails of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad run through the densest and richest per capita territory in the world.

No where on the continent is the problem of a public carrier so complicated or so well solved.

Modern railroading enables you to combine pleasure with business.

Today a business trip is a vacation.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN

AND

HARTFORD RAILROAD

The New York New Haven and Hartford Railroad Co.

The New York New Haven and Hartford Railroad Co.

Wasted Words.

Some time ago a young man who had just started in the real estate business saw what looked to be a prospective client enter the outer office, and lost no time in trying to fix himself solid in the newcomer's estimation.

Going to the telephone, he took off the receiver and started to talk, looking to it, of course, that the door between the communicating offices was slightly ajar.

"Hello, Jones, is that you?" he cried in a voice sufficiently loud. "Fine! I merely want to tell you that I have sold that property of yours for $10,000. I have a prospective purchaser for the other place, and some tenants looking at those two house you want to rent. Don't mention it, old fellow. I am only too glad to be able to do it. Goodby."

With this the real estate man replaced the receiver, and then turned with a smiling expression to the patient person in the outer office

"Pardon me for keeping you waiting," said he in his most affable voice. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I'm from the telephone exchange," was the paralyzing rejoiner of the supposed client. "The boss sent me around to connect up your telephone."

She Made Her Hang Up.

A young lady took down the receiver of the telephone one day and discovered that the line was in use.

"I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman complacently informing another.

She hung up the receiver and waited for the conversation to end. Upon returning to the telephone she found the women still talking. Three times she waited, and then at last becoming exasperated, she broke into the conversation.

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply.

A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young lady was able to put in her call.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Mind at Leisure.

An officious neighbor, observing a bride of two weeks chopping kindling, took occasion to remonstrate with her and to offer some advice on the subjugation of husbands.

The bride did not welcome the suggestions. "Jimmy," she said, proudly and haughtily defending her husband, "has things on his mind of more importance than kindling."

"Well! Haven't you?" snapped the would-be agitator.

"Why, no," the bride answered modestly, blushing a little. "All I have on my mind is Jimmy."—Harper's Magazine.

His Bright Idea.

Not many years ago a well known dealer was visited by a would be seller who had in his hand an envelope containing seventeen signatures of Samuel Pepys, which, he said, he had just cut off the original letters to save trouble! By so doing he had diminished the value of his property by nearly £200.—London Opinoin.

"Would you consider me impertinent if I asked you your age?"

"I might not consider you impertinent, but I should think you might, if you were at all clever, find something else to talk about."—Chicago Record Herald.

Answered the Call.

Floors castle, home of the Duke of Roxburghe, was the scene of a curious psychical mystery over a century ago. Sir Walter Scott relates the incident. John, third Duke of Roxburghe, who died in 1804, the celebrated book collector, when arranging his library employed neither a secretary nor a librarian, but a footman called Archie, who knew every book as a shepherd does each sheep of his flock. There was a bell hung in the duke's room at Floors which was used on no occasion except to call Archie to his study. The duke died in St. James' square at a time when Archie was himself sinking under a mortal complaint. On the day of the funeral the library bell suddenly rang violently. The dying Archie sat up in bed and faltered. "Yes, my lord duke, yes, I will wait on your grace instantly." And with these words on his lips he fell back in bed and died.—St. James Gazette.

Quite a Different Matter.

"Why do you object to vaccination?" asked the busy magistrate, sharply, of the applicant for an exemption certificate.

"It's a matter of conscience, sir," was the reply.

At that moment the clerk whispered to the great man on the bench.

"Ah!" said his worship. "I am informed that you have a brother in the police force. Now does he object to having his children vaccinated?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; if vaccination is not against your brother's conscience, why should it be against yours?"

"Well, you see, sir, it doesn't exactly follow. Bill, as you're talking about, has got neither children nor conscience."

He got his certificate.—Tit-Bits.

"Married life is somewhat like a pack of cards," says a lady novelist. "Hearts figure but little any more, but if the husband has diamonds enough clubs become popular, and sooner or later a spade is his last trump."—Glasgow Herald.

Ethel (dining in swell restaurant with a girl friend)—Goodness, I haven't got enough money to pay for our dinner.

Kitty—And I haven't a cent with me.

Ethel—What in the world shall we do?

Kitty (brightening)—Oh, I know. We'll have the bill sent C. O. D.—Boston Transcript.

"Mrs. Alden has five children; if there were seven more, how many children would Mrs. Alden have?"

Several hands were raised.

"Anna may tells us," said teacher, "How many children would Mrs. Alden have, Anna?"

"Enough."—Pittsburgh Post.

"Oh, by the way, dear," said the merchant as he was preparing to leave the house in the morning, "if I find I can't be home to dinner I will send a note by messenger."

"Don't trouble," said his wife sweetly; "I have already found it on the blotting pad."—Western Mail.

Young Husband—My dear Jemima, I must say that this pudding tastes very bad.

Wife—All your imagination, dear. The cookery book says that it tastes excellent!—London Telegraph.

Uniform Dry
OR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Financial Support.

Dr. J. B. Becht, secretary of the Pennsylvania board of education, recently heard a little boy give a recitation on the subject of Atlas with the world on his shoulders.

"Do you know who Atlas was?" Dr. Becht asked.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, "He was a giant who supported the world."

"Supported the world, did he?" commented Dr. Becht. "But who supported Atlas?"

The little boy looked puzzled for a moment, but he brightened up almost at once. "I guess he must have married a rich wife," he replied.—Pearson's Weekly.

Just Her Husband.

A woman mounted the step of a car carrying an umbrella like a reversed saber.

The conductor touched her lightly, saying, "Excuse me, madam, but you are likely to put out the eye of the man behind you."

"He's my husband!" she snapped, with the tone of full proprietorship.—Chicago Evening Post.

Had Read One of Them.

She was literary and he was not. He had spent a harrowing evening discussing authors of whom he knew nothing and their books of which he knew less. Presently the maiden asked archly:

"Of course, you've read 'Romeo and Juliet'?

He floundered helplessly for a moment, and then, having a brilliant thought, blurted out, happily:

"I've read 'Romeo'."

Strata of 1885

"Professor," inquired Farmer Jimp, "what are you digging for in my back yard?"

"I'll pay you well!" shouted the archeologist. "Great discovery! I've found the bones of a prehistoric mammal hitherto unknown!"

"Sorry, professor, but that't an old wire bustle that I buried over 20 years ago, along with some other junk."—Judge.

Since the elephant's digestive functions are very rapid it requires a large amount of fodder—daily—about 600 pounds in most cases. In its wild state the elephant feeds heartily, but wastefully. It is careful in selecting the new forest trees.

One advantage of being married and having children is that you don't have to use a nail when you lose a button off your clothes. You can always find a safety pin on the floor.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I am just starting out in the city," remarked the young man.

"The world is your oyster," suggested the young woman.

"Yes, and I have found a pearl right away."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

BEDS IN BRITTANY.

A Surprise That Startled a Visitor in a Tiny Cottage.

A remarkable and amusing experience is related by Frances M. Gosling in "The Bretons at Home." The author says:

"I had gone with my husband to find a barber. It was dusk when we entered the one room of the tiny cottage, and work was over for the day. The last customer sat idly in a corner gossiping with the barber's wife, while the man of razors himself was idly glancing over last week's newspaper. It was too dark to see the details of the room, but I managed to find an oak chest in front of a bed and sat down to watch proceedings.

"It was a curious sight. In the middle of the room sat my Englishman in his light tweed suit, a towel round his neck, his face covered with ghostly gleaming lather. In front of him stood the barber's wife, a lighted candle in her hand to guide her husband in his work; finally, his thin cadaverous face almost touching that of his victim, the barber himself, his left hand holding my husband now by the nose, now by the chin.

"Suddenly behind me I heard a movement and felt a warm little hand on the back of my neck. There was a smothered laugh, and I turned to see a pair of eyes twinkling at me from the depths of the cupboard bed against which I was sitting.

"'Taisez vous donc!' growled the barber mildly, still intent on his work. But the laugh had broken the charm. From every corner came rustlings, giggles, little voices and shining merry eyes. And everywhere there were beds—beds full of boys and girls!

"'Why, however many children have you?' I asked as soon as the bewilderment of finding myself surrounded by this crowd of onlookers allowed me to speak.

"'Fourteen, madam,' replied the woman.

"'The house is so small that we console ourselves by the size of our family,' remarked the barber jocosely, at which there was much merriment in the cupboard beds."

The Omnipresent Rose.

Every continent on the globe, with the exception of Australia, produces wild roses. There can be little doubt that the rose is one of the oldest flowers in the world, perhaps grown from the wind blown seeds in paradise. In Egypt it is depicted on numbers of early bas-reliefs, dating from 3000 to 3500 B. C. Rosewater, or the essence of roses, is mentioned by Homer in the "Iliad," and the flower is spoken of in the Proverbs of Solomon.

Ironing and Mending.

For the mother who does her own ironing and mending: Prepare a small bag containing necessary things for mending and sewing on of buttons and fasten it to ironing board. She will be able to sew on buttons and draw up little rips that will make her pile of mending smaller. If she could train herself to sit on a high stool as much as possible while working she will not be so tired at the end of a day's work.—Exchange.

PERILOUS CARGOES

Sailors Dread Ships That Carry Sugar, Coffee or Cotton.

ACIDS ALSO ARE DANGEROUS.

Dynamite and Other Explosives Are Tame in Comparison With Chemicals That Are a Constant Menace to the Vessels in Which They Are Stored.

"Deliver us from a cargo of sugar or coffee or cotton," is the prayer that many sailors send up when they are in doubt as to what fate will bring them next in the cargo line. They welcome, almost gladly, a cargo of dynamite or other explosive, but they dislike the positive discomfort and danger that come to them with the cargo of sugar, coffee or cotton.

At first sight it seems that dynamite would be a cargo to be carefully sidestepped, but from a sailor's point of view more things than the mere danger involved are to be considered. A cargo of sugar is bad. Put hundreds of tons of cane sugar in casks in the hold of a vessel and let the ship steam through a belt of hot weather. The odor is sickening. The sailors cannot get the sweet taste out of their mouths. They crave vinegar or lemon juice—anything sour. They lose their appetites and are always glad when a voyage on which the cargo was sugar is over.

Coffee is as disagreeable as sugar, in addition to being really dangerous. A cargo of green coffee is not at all unpleasant at first, but the odor rapidly palls on the olfactory nerves. In damp weather it becomes dreadful. It [illegible] to impregnate everything in the ship and eventually the crew lose all appetite and sometimes become seriously ill.

Cotton is a really dangerous cargo. If a little oil happens to touch raw cotton the result is what is called spontaneous combustion. A single bale of cotton saturated with such an oil as boiled linseed, and lying at the bottom of a hold, can be compared only to a slow match attached to a bomb. In fact, it is even more dangerous, because while there might be ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that something might happen to prevent the explosion of the bomb, there are about 999 chances in 1,000 that the cotton will burn.

Onions also cause sailors much discomfort. The French steamer Yarra, with a cargo of onions from Alexandria to England, lost one man and had three others rendered insensible by fumes rising from the tons of onions in her hold.

Acids and other chemicals form dangerous cargoes. Carbide of calcium, for instance, is more dangerous than dynamite. Acetylene gas is made from this chemical, and the gas is constantly given off if the product is exposed to air. Some time ago the Hamburg bark Hebe was towed into Plymouth sound, England, in a disabled condition. Her cargo was 200 tons of calcium carbide. When the commander in chief at Devonport learned the nature of the disabled bark's cargo he ordered all the war vessels in the sound to take refuge at Hamaze and forbade the Hebe to stand in for repairs until all her perilous cargo had been removed by a barge of the war department.

The Volturno, which burned at sea, had a cargo which included rags, peat moss, barrels of spirits, tar and oils, together with drums of various chemicals. Water could have little effect on the flames from such a combination when it had caught fire.

Nitric and sulphuric acids are dangerous cargoes and add to the dangers of the sea when carried aboard ships. Some years ago the Phoenix liner Michigan was caught in a gale while coming to this country. She had a deckload of sulphuric and muriatic acid in metal drums. A huge sea washed over the forward deck and broke a number of the acid drums from their lashings, sending them crashing around the deck. Volunteers were called for to heave the drums overboard. The crashing of the sea and the rolling on the deck had split some of the containers and the acid burned the flesh of the sailors who responded to the call for volunteers. The battle with the deadly acid drums waged for an hour. Man after man was forced to fall out from the line of battle and go below to have his wounds dressed. When the situation was becoming critical the danger was eliminated the way it had come—by another wave washing over the vessel and carrying away the unfastened drums and part of the lee rail.

Shipmasters dislike carrying drums of acid where they cannot be reached readily. A Chilean ship put in at the Falkland islands leaking badly. Her cargo was made up of drums of acid and chalk. The acid had leaked from the drums and mixed with the chalk, forming carbonic acid gas in the hold. This gas is deadly and the crew could not make repairs. Meantime the acid had gathered at the bottom of the hold and eaten away the iron frames of the ship.—New York Press.

For His Own Use.

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded omnibus kept on sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer and turned to the lad.

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then, in a dignified tone came the answer:

"Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."—London Mail.

The good you do is not lost, though you forget it.—Fielding.

The Llama.

The story of the name of the South American llama is interesting. "Como se llama?" (What is its name?) asked the early Spanish adventurers of the Peruvians. The natives, not understanding, merely echoed the last word of the question and the name has stuck through the centuries.

CORD BEDS OF OLD

Traps In Whose Bulbous Depths Sleep Was Once Wooed.

PUTTING ONE UP WAS AGONY.

The Job Required the Services of Two or Three Husky Men and Was an Athletic Feat Beside Which a Wrestling Match Was Child's Play.

"I came across a bed wrench at a second hand curiosity shop uptown the other day," said an old timer, "and it took me back to the boyhood days at one jump.

"Don't know what a bed wrench is? Of course you don't. Nobody born of this generation does. That's because they never had to put up a cord bedstead—had the privilege of sleeping in the bed it held.

"The cord bedstead was a joy. Next to putting up the stovepipe or putting down the carpet with the base of a flatiron for a hammer to pound the leather headed tacks in with, the assembling of the cord bedstead of our daddies was the job that called for the most peremptory giving of all the Christian virtues a vacation until the job was done.

"The cord bedstead was the favorite bedstead of commerce in those days. Briefly described, there were four posts of any height or girth to suit the person or his pocket. Anywhere from three to four feet from the floor a hole was bored in two sides of each post facing each other when the footboard and headboard posts were stood up to be connected. The holes were bored with a thread to take the screw out on the ends of the connecting pieces at the sides and ends of the bedstead.

"These connecting pieces were round, and on what was to be the top of them when the bedstead was set up was a row of pegs shaped like so many mushrooms. A hole about an inch in diameter ran through each of the four connecting pieces. When the bedstead was assembled by the fitting of the connecting pieces into the holes in the posts and screwed up tight and in place by means of a stout stick thrust through the holes in the round pieces the bed was ready to be corded up, and then the wrench came into play.

"The bed wrench was something like a stout wooden hand vise. The cord, a rope like a clothesline, but of better quality, was run around the mushroom like pegs, which were a few inches apart, and lengthwise and crosswise from connecting piece to connecting piece, like a big meshed net.

"But the cord couldn't be drawn taut enough with the hands, and so daddy or big brother Bill, or perhaps the hired man, grabbed the wrench, tangled it up somewhere in a part of the cord where the tautening up process was to begin and by persistent leverage around and about the bedstead at last wrenched the cord to a condition of satisfactory tautness, and the tumult and the shouting died.

"For don't go away with the idea that the work of setting up that cord bedstead was accomplished with the ease and in the brief time that it takes to tell about it. It generally required two or three capable persons to tackle the job with any hope of succeeding with it, for in the way of refractory disposition and demoniacal perversity the cord bedstead of the daddies had the treachery cow in the garden skinned a mile. I have known the good wife to take the children and go down in the cellar while the old man and his aids were dallying with the cord bedstead in an effort to set it up and giving it their opinion of it as it wabbled and slid and careened and skidded at tense and critical stages of the getting of it together.

"Then when it was all up good and solid and the smell of sulphur got out of the room mother used to come in and put the straw tick on the web of bed cord—the tick with the big slit in it where we filled it with fresh rye straw until it looked like a balloon all ready to go up. Then she tumbled on to the tick the feather bed, two or three feet high, with its swelling fluff of live geese feathers and almost burying you out of sight when you stowed yourself away on it after surmounting the bed with a stepladder. Then with the sheets and the blanket and the quilt and the comforter and the big, bulbous pillows the bed was ready to sleep in.

"That's what a bed wrench is, and that's the cord bedstead it wrenched. And when I hear some reminiscent old body barking back to the days of the bed wrench and the cord bedstead and declare that when it comes to going to bed at night sure of a sleep in ease and comfort and of getting up next morning never so refreshed give him every time, bigosh, the old cord bedstead with nothing between the ropes and him but the straw tick and the feather bed instead of the new fangled springs and hair mattresses, I greet him with joy, grasp his hand warmly and gently but firmly tell him he's a liar."—New York Sun.

Prisoners' Fasts.

Hunger strikes are evidently no modern idea, as evinced by the following entry in Evelyn's diary of July 8, 1656: "I had the curiosity to visit some Quakers here (Ipswich) in prison. One of them was said to have fasted twenty days, but another, endeavoring to do the like, perished on the tenth, when he would have eaten, but could not."—London Chronicle.

Nobility does not lie in the hall full of family portraits dimmed by the hand of time.—Seneca.

Our Work.

We must do our human work in a conscientious and immaculate manner, independently from whether we hope to become angels some time in the future or believe that we used to be molluscs some time in the past.—John Burkie.

REED'S WITTY THRUST.

It Silenced For the Time the "Great Objector," Holman.

There are many stories of the caustic wit of Thomas B. Reed, the famous speaker of the house of representatives. One of his most amusing thrusts was delivered at William S. Holman, a member of congress from Indiana. It was perhaps the keenest witticism ever uttered in debate on the floor of the house.

Holman was a constant objector to the expenditure of money by congress and had honestly earned the title of "Watchdog of the Treasury." One day, when the committee was perfunctorily putting through a number of bills for the erection of government buildings in various cities, Holman was constantly on his feet, objecting to their consideration. But when Indiana was reached and the committee began to propose appropriations for buildings in the towns of that state Holman's objections came with much less spirit and finally ceased altogether. When at length a bill was offered that carried a generous appropriation for a building in Holman's own town, he rose and expressed hearty approval. Hardly had he taken his seat when Mr. Reed was on his feet. "Mr. Speaker!" he shouted; and then, in gently sentimental tones, he recited Byron's familiar lines:

"'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
Bay deep mouthed welcome as we draw near home!

And the "great objector" forgot to object any more that day!—Youth's Companion.

THEY PLAYED MARBLES.

One Street Game In Which Lincoln Took a Hand.

An elderly gentleman now residing in Washington tells this story about Abraham Lincoln:

"I was about ten years of age and given violently to the game of marbles. One cold March day my companions and I were playing on the sidewalk before my father's shop when I slipped on a piece of ice and fell, cutting my chin. The other boys seized as many of my marbles as they could and made off. Wild with anger, I started after them, calling them names and threatening to annihilate them, and so on. Suddenly a hand on my collar stopped me, and a deep voice said:

"'We've got enough ill feeling going on in this country these days without you boys catching it!'

"A big man swung me around and wiped my wounded chin and then went on:

"'I saw what they did, son. Have you any agates left? Good! I'll put up three chiny alleys, and we'll see who'll win.'

"He drew from his pocket three marbles.

"'I got them from my boy Tad,' he explained, and then I knew who he was.

"There on the street I played marbles with the president for five minutes and he let me win. Here are the marbles — a precious possession!"—Exchange.

Fed the Brute.

Sir Charles Tupper in his book, "Recollections of Sixty Years," recalls an experience of his daughter in Canada during the Riel rebellion in the northwest. She was in the region of trouble, and on a day when she happened to be alone in her home "in walked a strapping Indian, all war paint and feathers. She thought the best thing she could do was to feed him. She cooked everything in the house—potatoes, meat and bread. When all was consumed—and these Indians will eat at a meal enough to last for three weeks—he had grown to a very large size. As he could not speak a word of English or French, he evinced his gratitude by patting his protuberant stomach, with a guttural 'Ha, ha, ha,' and left.

Plague of the Black Death.

That terrible plague the black death, originating somewhere in the east, passed by way of Armenia into Asia and thence to Egypt and north Africa. Reaching Sicily in 1346, it spread over Italy, France and nearly all of the countries of Europe, including the British Isles. The mortality was appalling, some 25,000,000 of people dying from the dread epidemic. The nature of the great pestilence has been a matter of much controversy, but it is generally conceded that it was closely related to what is known today as the "bubonic plague."—New York American.

City of the Dead.

Close by Canton, China, is the hill called Queen of Heaven mountain, on the lower slopes of which is the famous City of the Dead. Their bodies wait in their coffins sometimes several years before the priests are able to determine an auspicious day for interment.

Bluffed and Won.

"What is the meaning of this?"

"My dear," he murmured, "I got to thinking about women being denied the right of suffrage, and I took a few drinks."

And he got away with it that time.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Satin Ashes.

Little Lura—Mamma, what kind of ashes is satin ashes? Mamma—I never heard of them, dear. Little Lura—Well, in my Sunday school lesson it says 'And the king of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes!'—Chicago News.

For Himself, Yes.

Tramp—One moment, boss; can you spare de price of a meal? Accosted Party—Certainly! I'm on my way to get it now."—Boston Transcript.

Successful Botching.

Doctor—I hear the operation lately performed by Dr. Cutem was a botch. Friend—Why, I understood the patient was completely cured by it. Doctor (coldly)—I am not speaking of its effects on the patient, but of the way the operation was performed.—Baltimore American.

HOMES OF THE NAVAJOS.

Stuffy Winter Hogans and Light and Airy Summer "Cottages."

The Navajos are the least gregarious of native American tribes, never congregating in towns and villages and never forming permanent communities. Their homes, called hogans, are mere hovels, built of stones or the trunks and limbs of trees, with rounded roofs thickly covered with earth. A smoke vent in the roof and a doorway in the side are the only means of ventilation. In cold weather these cavelike structures are kept tightly closed, so that no one but an Indian could live in them at all.

But when springtime comes the Navajo squaw constructs a summer cottage, sometimes consisting of no more than a windbreak of sagebrush around a circular clear space. Sometimes the summer hogan is a shady bower under a desert cedar tree, with leafy branches piled around as a measure of protection against winds and sandstorms. Sometimes it is a shelter formed by the utilization of old pieces of canvas, sheet iron and other cast away material picked up around the refuse dumps of the railroad towns. In any event, the dwellers in the summer hogans are practically in the open all the time. Fresh air is never for a moment excluded.—Christian Herald.

NAILS IN STONE WALLS.

Easy Method of Placing Them So They Will Remain Firm.

Few women know how to drive a nail into a brick wall, and yet it is what they often need to do for themselves if there is no man about.

The following method is easy and has been found entirely satisfactory: Having decided upon the exact spot into which the nail is desired to be driven, which must be in the plaster between the bricks, provide yourself with a hammer and screwdriver. With these tools commence working out the hard plaster by tapping the handle of the screwdriver. As the plaster turns to dust it must be blown or dusted out so that the size of the hole may be seen.

When a space about one inch long and nearly one inch deep has been worked out get a small piece of wood about the same size and with the hammer wedge it tightly into the space. When it seems firm take the nail and drive it into the wood. It will go in nicely, without bending, and remain firm an indefinite length of time. This same method was used at one time when it was decided to hang a hammock between the fence and the wall, with the exception that the hole was dug out a little longer and deeper than for an ordinary nail.—Minneapolis Journal.

Homemade Barometer.

Those who love experimentation may try the following method of making a cheap barometer practiced in France. Take eight grams of pulverized camphor, four grams of pulverized nitrate of potassium, two grams of pulverized nitrate of ammonia and dissolve in sixty grams of alcohol. Put the whole in a long, slender bottle closed at the top with a piece of bladder containing a pinhole to admit the air. When rain is coming the solid particles will tend gradually to mount, little star crystals forming in the liquid, which otherwise remains clear. If high winds are approaching the liquid will become thick, as if fermenting, while a film of solid particles forms on the surface. During fair weather the liquid will remain clear and the solid particles will rest at the bottom.

Reading Music.

The literary man, writes a correspondent, may very well, when he is lying on his back, console himself with literature. But what is the scientific man, with no particular interest in literature, to do? A certain professor of my acquaintance once got through a month of painful convalescence by the aid of another kind of reading. He read through the scores of his favorite composers. He had no ear for the rhythms of literature, but a fine ear for the rhythms of music, and he assured me that he heard the music as he read the scores. He said that during that month he really came to understand Beethoven and that no performance of his work ever satisfied him afterward.—London Spectator.

A Bit of Blarney.

An Irishman who was begging in the street was asked by a lady how it was that such a fine, strong man as he should be asking for alms. With native blarney he replied:

"Lady, begging is the only profession I know in which a gentleman can address a beautiful woman without having an introduction."

The remark was quite profitable.—London Answers.

Moss Bread.

Along the shores of the Columbia river a kind of bread is made by the Indians from a moss that grows on the spruce fir tree. This moss is prepared by placing it in heaps, sprinkling it with water and permitting it to ferment. Then it is rolled into balls as big as a man's head, and these are baked in pits.

His Standard.

Young Bride (to waiter)—Waiter, my husband has been here very frequently lately. I hope he's all right, eh? Waiter—Oh, yes; he never has more than three glasses of beer. If he were not happy he'd surely drink six.—Fliegende Blätter.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination of two persons to promote the good and happiness of each other.—Meredith.

All He Had Left.

Mrs. Goodsole (feeding tramp)—You seem to have a good appetite? Hungry Higgins—Ah, mum, dat's all I have left in de world dat I kin rightly call me own.—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

THE ART OF IDLING

It Is a Part of the Indolent Life of the Leisurely Turk.

WHERE SITTING IS EXERCISE.

In the Orient the Placid Natives Regard What We Would Call Loafing as a Mark of Respectability—A Trip in a Caique on the Golden Horn.

One of the first words in the Turkish language that I learned to recognize was kyef or kaif. Making kyef was a very common occupation, judging from the number of times that I heard the word used. The dictionary definition of kyef is "health," "pleasure." Health and pleasure are not always synonymous, but they seemed to be in this case, for people who said they had been making kyef always looked both happy and healthy.

To the average American the idea represented by the word kyef is about as foreign as the word itself. You could not possibly make kyef at a football game or a horse race or automobiling up to the limit of police regulations. One thing soon becomes evident to the scientific investigator of kyef. Whatever it may be, kyef is made without haste, without excitement and, above all things, without noise.

Leisure, idling if you like, has been reduced to a fine art in the orient. There is no place in the world where doing nothing is so respectable. Able-bodied men sit unblushingly at midday in a coffee house drinking numberless cups of strong, black coffee, smoking a nargile and staring at a chessboard for hours at a time. Loafing we call it in America; in Italy, dolce far niente; in Turkey, making kyef.

The oriental is slow and easy in his amusements. He lingers over his pleasures, making them last as long as possible. None too fond of exerting himself, most of his exercise is taken sitting still. The Turkish verb otur, which means "sit," is much used both in word and in action. They sit over a cup of coffee in an out of door cafe, they sit under a tree smoking a cigarette, they sit for four hours making you a visit, and they may sit the livelong day out in a grassy field or on the banks of a stream doing nothing at all.

The Turks are fond of outdoors. And one is not surprised. The highest point of Constantinople is Tchamlidja, a hill that stands a few miles back from the Scutari landing on the Asiatic side. The view from this hill is one whose beauty casts a spell that lasts as long as memory lasts. "See Naples and die" runs the old saying, but do not die before you have seen Constantinople from Tchamlidja.

There are many open fields in and about Constantinople to which the people resort on high days and holidays, the brilliant colors of the native dress standing out against the greenest green and the bluest blue of the natural background. And everywhere the dazzling sheen of water, the silvery, calm surface of the Marmora stretching away in the distance and the blue winding Bosporus at our feet. There is a hush about a Turkish holiday gathering which is always like a Sunday. Caiques glide noiselessly by, people sit in groups or saunter about on the shore, like the figures in a picture, everybody making kyef in his own way.

One of the popular resorts for great numbers of people is the Sweet Waters of Europe, a small stream of fresh water flowing into the upper part of the Golden Horn. The best and easiest way to reach this place, the stranger is told, is by rowboat up the Golden Horn. This "best and easiest" way is, however, a bit trying to the nerves. Galata bridge, from which the boats leave, is the busiest spot in Constantinople. You are jostled from before and behind, screamed at in all the languages you ever heard of and frightened nearly to death before you get down the rickety little stairway leading to the landing. Nothing can really happen to you, but you do not know that until afterward. If you should fall into the water you would be promptly fished out by friendly hands amid Mashallahs! in all the tones of the chromatic scale. Down below, you are warned within an inch of your life about all the things you must not do in the caique. A caique is a small rowboat, the daintiest, most graceful little craft in the world, but it was made to tip over.

If you get away from the landing without being spilled out into the water you breathe one sigh of relief, but not more than one, for the Golden Horn is very narrow and very busy, and any moment you may look up at the prow of a steamer bearing down upon you at full speed. Behind you, and to the right of you, and to the left of you, are clumsy freight boats managed by scolding boatmen. And just here one of your oarsmen does what he has forbidden you to do—stands up in his place. Wildly gesticulating, he scolds back in picturesque Turkish at a careless steersman who has nearly tipped you over. After you have had this experience a few times and have escaped with your life you cease to mind it.

Quiet comes at last, and long, smooth stretches of shining water. The motion of a caique is perfect. It glides over the water with no effort at all. The silvery light of the eastern sun, the magic touch of the soft south wind, the voice of the muezzin calling to prayer from the minaret in the distance—charm you into the land of the lotus.—Grace Fleming Van Sweringen in New York Tribune.

He Knew That Much.

"Do you think you will be able to keep me out of jail?" he asked after he had made a full confession to his lawyer.

"I may not be able to do that, but I can make the state spend a lot of money in putting you there."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PARISIAN BEGGARS.

Clever Rogues Who Study the Weak Points of Their Victims.

An accomplished mendicant, like a clever salesman, studies his customers, discovers their weak points if he can and trades upon them. In this relation it is of interest to note the skillful methods whereby a certain class of Parisian beggars play upon the superstitions of their victims.

There is a common saying in France that giving alms brings good fortune, a saying that has not been overlooked by the Parisian beggar. If one visits the Sorbonne on the days of examination for the bachelor's degree he will see an interesting sight. The collegians approach, each with his dictionary under his arm, on his way to make the famous Latin version, on the success of which all his future depends. A crowd of beggars surround them.

"A sou, monsieur; a morsel of bread," the beggar will say to a collegian. "It will bring you happiness."

The candidate hurries on. "You will be blackballed, monsieur," the beggar continues.

This sinister prediction always takes effect. The collegian pulls out his purse, and the beggar turns away, chuckling.

A similar scene may be witnessed at the Hotel de Ville on the days of examination for certificate of ability for teaching. When there are no examinations in progress there may be races, and to them go the beggars, for gamesters and sporting men are notoriously superstitious.—Washington Star.

WIGS, HOODS AND CAPS.

Shapes, Colors and Significance of Old Egyptian Headgear.

The reliefs and paintings on the walls of the tombs and temples of the Egyptians show that that race of people wore thick and elegant headdresses. Hats with brims were apparently unknown. Their headgear consisted of wigs, hoods and caps.

"The wigs were very likely made of hair or tow, for their great size could not have been made by dressing of a person's own hair; the caps were also very large and high and made of material which as to its kind can only be guessed at," says Charles E. Keater in a history and development of hats and headgear.

"The largest were cupola shaped, and their use was probably confined," he further says, "to those of royal blood. They were yellow, white and red. It is supposed that the yellow ones were made of brass and were a kind of helmet, that the white was the crown of upper Egypt and the red the crown of lower Egypt. The pschent, a combination of the white and red, was considered as the symbol of the rule over the land. Lower flat crowned caps were worn both alone and over a hood, and sometimes with a strap under the chin to hold the headpiece in place. The huge wigs were probably worn upon the shaven heads, as it is supposed that the clean shaven head was as prevalent in Egypt as it is now in tropical Asia."

A Reason For Tears.

An amusing story about Dr. Archibald Pitcairne, the physician, Jacobite and scholar, is told by Francis Watt in "The Book of Edinburgh Anecdote."

Dr. Pitcairne was not often a churchgoer, but on one occasion he took refuge in a church from a shower of rain. The sermon was commonplace, but the preacher was emotional, and he wept copiously and, as it seemed to Pitcairne, irrelevantly. He turned to the only other occupant of the pew, a stolid countryman, and whispered, "What on earth gars the man greet (weep)?"

"You would maybe greet yourself," was the solemn answer, "if you was up there and had as little to say."

Salting One's Smoke.

The strangest way of taking his salt was probably Dr. Parr's. Telfourd records that he used to fill his pipe half with the finest tobacco and half with salt. After that it is not very surprising to learn that he smoked "with a philosophical calmness." On one occasion when the two met Charles Lamb's furious smoking of the strongest tobacco filled Dr. Parr with astonishment. Gently laying down his pipe, he inquired how Lamb had arrived at his power of smoking at such a rate. "I toiled after it, sir, as some men toil after virtue," was Lamb's reply.—London Graphic.

Strychnine.

Strychnine is one of the most powerful vegetable poisons known, but it has very odd effects. Up to about one thirty-second of a grain it is often used in medicine as a stimulant. Very little more is required to bring on that peculiar state known as "tetanus," in which the muscles lock themselves up into such hard masses that they are as rigid as bone. An overdose, however, has been known in at least one instance to cure itself.—Exchange.

How He Felt.

"You act as though you thought yourself superior to the government."

"Well," replied the genial egotist, "I do feel slightly superior. As a taxpayer when I owe the government anything I pay. When the government owes me anything it does as it likes about the matter."—Washington Star.

Plenty of Hopeless Ones.

At the age of twenty-five a man can be forgiven for thinking he knows it all, but if he hasn't changed his mind at forty there is no hope for him.—Toledo Blade.

Faint Heart.

"Have you spoken to father yet?"

"Certainly. I said 'Good evening' when I passed him in the hall."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power.—Beaumont.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

CHINA'S YELLOW STREAKS.

Linked With the Country's Vast Beds of Cheeselike Loess.

Some of the most characteristic impressions of China are connected with the great loess deposit that covers the greater part of north China. In some places it reaches a depth of 1,500 feet or 2,000 feet. It is probably a wind borne accumulation of dried mud or fine desert sand coming from the arid interior of Asia. It is uniform in composition and structure, unstratified, splits vertically and contains land shells, but no water shells.

The streams have cut down through the loess and are all deeply stained with its characteristic brown yellow. It is the loess that gives us Yellow river, Yellow sea, Yellow emperor—doubtless it suggested the imperial color. The northern portion of the Peking-Hankow railway passes through a vast yellow country, and the traveler scarcely sees a stone, a hill or a tree. The soil and the watercourses are yellow, the flat roofed houses are yellow, the walls of the cities and towns are yellow. The air is yellow with dust. Everything that grows is yellow, even the yellow people and their clothing are powdered with the yellow dust.

The loess slices like cheese. Most of the mountain people house themselves by digging a cave in a bank formed of this material. When plastered it makes a clean, dry place, warm in winter and cool in summer, its only drawback is in the matter of ventilation. Some of these dwellings are two or three stories high, have framed windows and doorways and are well furnished.

It startles you to look over a broad, prairielike country, divided into fields highly cultivated and see no highways, houses, people, or domestic animals. The roads have cut their way into the loess and run at the bottom of canons, sometimes seventy or eighty feet deep. The people have dug out their dwellings and stables in the cliffs that line the roads and streams.—Youth's Companion.

DELIGHTS OF SKIING.

Perfection of Motion and a New Risk With Every Turn.

The delightful sensation of skiing is thus described by Arnold Lunn in Cornhill:

"Skiing is the perfect motion. I shall not qualify this dogmatic statement till I find a good ski runner who prefers some other form of speed. I have met runners who have tried everything from an aeroplane to a racing car, from a steeplechase to a Cresta toboggan run. One and all placed skiing above all rivals. Aeroplanes used to raise uneasy doubts till I met a distinguished air man, who told me that he found skiing more exciting. After the first novelty wears off—so he said—flying becomes monotonous. One patch of air is very much like another. Wind pockets are exceptional, whereas the snowy hillside is full of traps for the unwary.

"The ski runner sweeps down the hillside erect with a natural and graceful poise. He creates pace without the aid of machinery. Skiing is autochthonous; it is born of the Mother Earth. Between you and the hillside there is an inch of sensitive ash that pulses with every beat of the slope. The skis form an intimate link between you and the ever changing surface.

"As they rise and fall, leaping over hillocks, sinking into dips, they seem at once living vital things, with a will and a joy that is all their own. And this is the peculiar glory of our craft. It forces us to a knowledge of nature in one of her most fascinating moods. The ski runner must adapt his tactics to every change in the hillside, to every fickle fancy of the snow. The skater and the skeleton rider soon learn to know the tricks of the rink or ice run. But the hills are never the same, the snow is never the same; every slope is a revelation, every snowfall a new discovery."

One Way to Get Tough.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of all methods of warding off cold is that adopted by some of the tribes of the Canadian northwest. It is a matter of discipline. The boys when young are first whipped in order to make their flesh tingle and then sent to bathe in the half frozen rivers. On entering their teens they are made to lie out of doors at night without clothing. The consequence is that those who survive are able to go naked in any weather without the slightest discomfort.

Very Simple.

Whately once asked a surgeon why the operation of hanging is fatal.

He replied: "Because respiration is checked, circulation is stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain."

"No," said the archbishop, casting about for illustrations for his "Logic," "it is because the rope is not long enough to allow the man's feet to meet the ground."

Only a Truce.

"I understand the Slammers have made up their domestic quarrels and are on speaking terms."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Their reconciliations remind me of a thaw between two freezes, which only makes matters worse."—Washington Star.

Passes For It Sometimes.

"It is often impossible to distinguish silence from wisdom."

"Naturally. Because it is often the same thing."—Boston Transcript.

Honor the tree that gives you shelter.—Danish.

The Burned Church.

Jim (regarding damage to church by fire)—Good job it wasn't a factory, Bill. Bill—You're right, mate. Only one man put out of work, and he saws his money.—London Punch.

There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and sincere earnestness.—Dickens.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.
Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1914.

NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology, John Barber, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T.—Continued.

1800. Farnsworth. Oliver commenced publishing guardian of Liberty.
1800. Fire a took place about 3 o'clock in the morning & destroyed the House of Daniel Dolany, late of Baltimore, and the range of Stables, belonging to Friend's Soc. Oct. 25.
1801. Frigate Gen'l Greene, Sailed from Newport, for Washington to be laid up in ordinary July 3.
1801. Farnsworth. Dr. Havels commenced practice in Newport.
1801. Fenner. James, elected U. S. Senator, by a Majority of 10 over Christopher Ellery of Newport in October.
1805. Fenner, Arthur, Gov'r, died, Prov. Oct. 10, ag. 60 y'r's.
1805. Fish, Mary, wife of Job died Newp. ag. 20.
1806. Fryers. Eliz'th, died Newp. ag. 20.
1807. Fenner, James, elected Gov'r, May 1237 over Seth Wheaton.
1807. Freebody. Thomas, a noted Politician, and many years President of Town Council, died May 9, ag. 91 y'rs.
1809. Fosdick, Capt. Wm. Commands a Cutter at Newport.
1809. Fairbanks. Eliz'th,—died—ag. 76.
1810. Fire. Thomas Whitehouse Ch. St. damage Mar. 10.
1810. Fire. The gin Distillery, owned by John Corliss and G. C. Nightingale in Cranston burned; loss $12,000.
1810. Flagg. Arthur, Col. died, Mar. 10, ag. 77.
1810. Fowler. Peleg C. (Jarko) died Oct. 22, ag. 18.
1810. Fire destroyed Miss Pitman's Barn, adjoining Edward Simmons' Blacksmith's Shop Broad Street. Ap. 13.
1810. Fire destroyed the Stable & Store house of David Buffum, at Malbone Garden farm April 14th.
1810. Fearing. Martin m'd Abby Martin dau'r of Hon. Simeon, Jan. 15.
1811. Fry. John, formerly, Newp. died Tiverton, Mar. 1, ag. 81.
1811. Fish. Preserved, formerly Newp. died Ports. Nov. 24 ag. 90 y'rs.
1812. Frigates. President, Com. Rogers & Essex, Capt. Porter, Sailed from Newport, on a Cruise, Mar. 29.
1812. Farrant. Capt. John O. hung himself Feb. 10, ag. 48 y.
1812. Fowler. Eliz'th, of Christ'r, died Nov. 22, ag. 17.
1814. Fairbanks. Esther, died, Ap. 27 ag. 86.
1814. Fish. Preserved, m'd to Ruth Brownell, Port's.
1815. Freeborn. Michael, m'd to Hannah Goddard, Jan. 15.
1815. Fulton, Robert, died in New York, Feb. 24, ag. 49.
1815. Friends Mary wido, of John, Nov. 22, ag. 70.
1815. Freebody. Judith, dau'r of late John, died Feb. 13, 1817. ag. 69.
1636. Gorton. Samuel, came from London, to Boston, N. E.
1638. June. Gorton. Samuel, came to R. I. & was banished on Some contention.
1640. Gorton. Samuel, removed to Prov. the inhabitants' apply to Mass. for and which was refused, unless they Summit to their Government.
1642. Gorton. Samuel, & others, Purchase Shawomot or Warwick of Miantonomi.
1642. Gorton. Samuel & other Settlers of Warwick taken prisoners by an armed force from Mass. on complaint of Pomham & carried to Boston, & condemned to be confined in irons and afterwards banished.
1644. Gorton. Samuel, John Greene, & Randall Holden, went to England to procure confirmation & Security in their purchase.
1652. Gorton. Samuel, Elected President for Warwick & Providence.
1657. Gould. Thomas, purchases Aguspenokuk, or Gould Island.

To be continued.

Probate Items from Vol. V. restored Town Council Records, Newport, R. I.

COLE. Mary, of Kingstown, R. I.; Will dated May 29, 1720. Mentioned sister Eldred's daughters, Elizabeth, Grace and Bridgett; sister Pinder's daughter Susannah; sister Place's two daughters, Marberry and Ann; brother William's two daughters, Anna and Hannah; Lydiah Bull, daughter of Henry; Cousin John Cole, son of brother William Cole; brother Elisha's daughter Susannah; Cousin William Sanford's daughters. Niece, Mary Cole, executrix, daughter of brother William and his wife Ann; Kinsman William Sandford son of cousin Peleg Sandford, deceased.

GUTTERIDGE. Richard, Newport. Will dated—14, 1720, rec. Sept. 5, 1720; Mentioned wife Mary; daughter Sarah, under age.

HICKS—Michael, Mariner, will dated April 8, 1710. Executor, friend Sion Arnold.

BUFFAM—Samuel, Newport, Cooper, Will, dated Ap. 28, 1721, rec. May 1, 1721. Mentioned sons Samuell and Walter Buffam; daughter Martha Buffam; wife Amy executrix.

COGGESHALL—Job, will, dated Mar. 7, 1720-1, rec. June 7, 1721. Mentioned brother Peter and sister Abigail Coggeshall.

COGGESHALL—Bagleton, will dated May 28, 1720, rec. June 10, 1721. Mentioned brothers Peter, Job and Daniell; sisters Patience and Abigail.—E. M. T.

Queries.

7847. MEAD—Will someone inform me as to the date of birth of General John Mead of Greenwich, Conn., who married Mary Brush.—E. M. A. C.

7848. BROWN—Can anyone give me the ancestors on the mother's side of Mrs. Hannah (MERRILL) Brown, whose daughter Hannah married Edward Little of Newburyport, Jan. 10, 1799.—C. H. C. E.

7849. CHANDLER—Is anything known of the wives of Edmund Chandler of Duxbury, 1693 and his son Joseph, also of Duxbury?—C. H. C. E.

7850. SHERMAN, DOUGLAS.—Can any one give me parents of Deborah Sherman, who married, on July 14, 1777, Aaron Jopherson, of Douglass, Mass.? —N. C. J.

7851. LYMAN.—Can anyone give me a list of children of John Lyman, born Aug. 20, 1660, son of John Lyman and Dorcas Plum? John Jr., married Mindwell Sheldon.—N. C. J.

7852. EMERY.—Who were John Emery's parents, and who was Mary, his wife? He died 1699.—D. C. T.

7853. PARSONS.—Wanted, ancestry of Philip Parsons of Enfield, Conn., also of his wife Ann. They had son Philip born Aug. 2, 1708, who married Mary Colton, Dec. 4, 1728.—L. L. M.

7854. CHURCH—Whom did Nathaniel (3) Church (Nathaniel (2), Richard (1)) marry? He was born in 1670. Date of his marriage and death missing. —E. B. P. E.

7855. GALE—WILSON—What was the ancestry of Clarissa Gale, the wife of Dr. Ephraim Wilson? He was born Feb. 16, 1762. He enlisted five times in the Revolutionary War from Northboro, Mass., for which services he received a pension.—G. E. F. M.

7856. BUTLER—John Butler of Boston in 1644 later of Hartford and Branford, Conn., Wanted, his ancestry, dates of birth, marriage and death. Who was his wife, and what were the names of his children, with dates throughout?—L. M. H.

7857. ALLYN—Wanted ancestry, Winifred, wife of Thomas Allyn, of Barnstable, Mass.—F. T. H.

7858. BAILEY—Wanted ancestry, of the wife of Thomas Bailey, of Weymouth, Mass., who died in 1681.—F. T. H.

7859. READ—Wanted ancestry, of Hannah, wife of John (2) Read, who settled at Freetown, Mass., in 1677.—F. T. H.

7860. READ, EVANS—Mary, who married Bailey Evans of Freetown, Mass., Mar. 10, 1737. She married second, Joshua Hathaway, in 1749.—F. T. H.

7861. SEAL—Is there anyone who can tell where the parents of John Seal, born in Delaware, Dec. 4, 1800, died in New York City, Dec. 10, 1870, also his wife Charalotte L. who died in New York City, Oct. 27, 1853, in her 42nd. year of her age also grandparents of above also of Nancy M. wife of George L. Morse who died Apr. 3, 1872, ag. 44 buried from 111 Sussex Street, New Jersey City buried at Norwich, Conn., in either Yantic or City Cemetery Feb. 8, Sec. 11. Anyone able to answer please communicate with—X. Y. Z.

Helping the Station Agent.

The New Haven Railroad has organized a new "Bureau of Station Service" to give assistance to station agents and to exercise general supervision of the work at all stations, particularly with reference to the weighing and classification of freight. George L. Graham is at the head of the new bureau.

Instead of having the weight and classification of shipment inspected and checked at common points where railroads meet, the New Haven now undertakes this work at all of its stations. Traveling agents are assigned to each division to study the traffic conditions in that particular territory and to apply the classification requirements impartially and effectively to all traffic. One of the principal aims of the new bureau is to see that all weighing is done properly and that the agents understand the classification of freight and are kept informed of all changes in the rules effecting their own territory. As this classification is the basis for the payment of all freight charges, it is important both for the Company and the shipper that they be thoroughly understood by these agents, who have to receive the freight and make out the way bills.

Arrangements have been made with something like 4,000 shippers for the inspection of the weights of their shipments under reasonable supervision. The effect of such an arrangement is to facilitate traffic as it relieves the railroads of the necessity of reweighting a shipment, a process which naturally causes delay.

One object of the new bureau will be to reduce the number of claims by increasing the efficiency of the force and also to reduce the amount of freight carried astray. Still another aim of this new bureau is to expedite the movement of unloading and loading freight cars.

PORTSMOUTH.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Several new houses have been erected near Island Park.

About twenty friends of the Cross brothers hung them a May basket recently. The company spent the evening with their hosts and were pleasantly entertained. The party was arranged by Mrs. Charles B. Ashley.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Sisson and son Arthur, of Providence, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Freeborn.

Mr. Oscar C. Manchester has been suffering from quincy sore throat.

Mrs. Stephen Chase, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has been the guest of Mrs. Clara E. Dennis, has gone to Providence to spend the summer.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church have been forced to vacate their rooms in the house next to Oscar Manchester's store, and have taken rooms in Mrs. Fannie Manchester's house next to Grinnell's market.

Mrs. Phoebe Pray, who has been living in Newport for several months has returned and is now with Mrs. Abbie Manchester.

Mrs. Charles Grinnell who has been quite ill is able to get out of doors for a short time on pleasant days.

Mr. Harry Dale, of Greenport, has been visiting his family here.

Mrs. Lyman Aylesworth, of East Greenwich, is visiting Mrs. Peleg A. Coggeshall.

The tax assessors began their annual task of assessing the town tax at the Town Hall on Monday.

Miss Amy Drinnell, of New York, has arrived at Mrs. L. A. Popple's for the summer.

Mrs. Richard R. Manchester has been entertaining her sister, Mrs. William T. H. Sowle, during the absence of Mr. Sowle who has been in Vermont.

Mrs. Walter Brinkman entertained the Guild of St. Paul's Church at her home recently. On Tuesday Mrs. Clara Ross entertained the Guild.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wendell and Mr. S. Alfred Patterson have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Eldredge.

Rev Edward Hallett Macy, who for four years was pastor of the Christian Church in this town, has accepted a call to become the pastor of the People's Christian Church in Lynn, Mass. From Portsmouth Mr. Macy went to Kittery, Maine, where he was pastor of the Second Christian Church, going from there to Laconia, N. H., where he succeeded Rev. Dr. Morrell. In Lynn he will succeed Rev. P. S. Sailor.

There was a fair attendance at the strawberry festival given by the Ladies Benevolent Society of Methodist Episcopal Church held in the society rooms. Mrs. A. F. Grinnell and Miss Annie Tucker served at the cake table, Mrs. Frank L. Tallman and Ralph Freeborn were in charge of the strawberries. Mrs. William O. Dennis and Mrs. Edward P. Macomber were in charge of the tea and coffee, Mrs. Abbie Manchester and Mrs. Charles B. Ashley were at the fancy-work table. Charles Borden served ice cream, the tickets being sold by Mrs. David Hedly and Mrs. Lois Ashley.

Mrs. William Mosher entertained the Epworth League at her home on Tuesday morning. About 30 were present. Two new members were admitted. Those taking part in the entertainment were, Mrs. Frank L. Tallman, Mrs. Mosher, Mrs. Charles B. Ashley, Miss Grace Potter, of New Bedford, Misses Lola and Mattie Ashley, Miss Alice Brayton and Miss Emily Pierce. At the business meeting plans were made for the annual party.

TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES

The Annual State Examinations for Teachers' Certificates will occur on MONDAY and TUESDAY, June 22 and 23, 1914, at the Rhode Island Normal School, Providence.

Provided six or more persons make application therefor before June 16, examination will also be held in each of the following places: Newport, Rogers High School; Woonsocket, High School; Westerly, High School; East Greenwich, Academy; North Scituate, Grammar School; but no examination will be held in any place for less than six applicants.

Examinations will begin each day promptly at 9 o'clock a. m.

On MONDAY examinations in Arithmetic, English, Geography, History, Physiology, Reading and Spelling, for both Third and Fourth Grade Certificates.

On TUESDAY examinations in Professional Subjects for all grades.

Any person purposing to take the examinations for Third and Fourth Grade Certificates must, on or before June 22, notify the undersigned of the grade of certificate for which, and the place at which he intends to take the examination. Candidates for examination in professional subjects for First Grade Certificates must send application before June 8.

WALTER E. RANGER,
Secretary State Board of Education.
Box 1311, Providence. 6-6w.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

Newport, June 6th 1914.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the estate of HENRY MUMFORD ANTHONY, minor, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

6-6-3w LYDIA P. ANTHONY.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

To Frederick Hunt and all other persons interested in the premises:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by the said Frederick Hunt to Mary A. DeBlois, dated November 18th, 1907, and recorded with Tiverton, R. I., Mortgaged Land Evidence, book 1, pages 185, 186, and duly assigned to Lillian DeBlois Fox by assignment, dated May 1910, 1912, and recorded with Tiverton, R. I., Mortgaged Land Evidence, book 3, page 112, and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold by public auction on the premises on MONDAY, June 22nd, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m., the premises described in said mortgage deed as follows, viz:

A certain tract or parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in North Tiverton, and bounded and described as follows, viz:

Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of the lot to be described, thence Easterly by the Fore Rod Way, so called, sixty (60) feet to land now or formerly of the Shove Mills; thence Southerly by land now or formerly of the Shove Mills, ninety (90) feet to other land now or formerly of the Shove Mills; thence Westerly by said last named land sixty (60) feet to Clement Street; thence Northerly by said Clement Street, ninety (90) feet to the point of beginning and containing nineteen and 75-100 (19.75) square rods of land, more or less.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes.

Terms at sale.

LILLIAN DEBLOIS FOX,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage. 5-30-4w

Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 29th, 1914.

Estate of Maurice S. Horgan.

WILLIAM H. HORGAN, Administrator of the estate of Maurice S. Horgan, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance and the same is received and referred to the fifteenth day of June next at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
5-30-3w Clerk.

Court of Probate Middletown, R. I., May 18, A. D. 1914.

Estate of Charles F. Chase.

DANIEL M. CHASE presents to this Court his petition, in writing, praying that himself, or some other suitable person, be appointed Administrator on the estate of his brother, Charles F. Chase, late of said Middletown, who deceased intestate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of June next, A. D. 1914, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
5-23-4w Probate Clerk

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	Jan'y. 17. 1913.	Jan'y. 16. 1914.	Increase.
Deposits	$9,235,653.03	$9,455,094.98	$219,441.95
Surplus	812,570.87	848,261.67	35,690.80

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

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